The Nation.

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The Week.

Among the indirect results of the late elections, the conversion of Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania to the cause of reform surely ranks first. A judge of repute before the machine drafted him for the Governorship, an exemplar of homely honesty in his personal relations, a scholar and antiquarian of parts, Pennypacker had perversely devoted himself and his talents to the defence of everything that was bad in the politics of his State. He simply refused to believe the facts which every Philadelphian knew about gang-rule in his city, regarded the demand for personal registration as of no importance, and signed the outrageous "ripper" bill of last winter, on the specious ground that, if the voters did not like it, they could elect legislators who would repeal it before it took effect. It is an event for jubilation as well as surprise that he has now called the Legislature in special session, recommending in his message practically the entire series of reforms for which the minority had so long been vainly struggling. A personal-registration law, the basic reform on which all others are to be built up, he recommends, with—in less definite language—restoring to the mayors of cities the power of appointment taken away by last year's Legislature. Legislation designed to break the unholy alliance between the State Treasury and the pet banks of the State is also on his programme. A comparison of the Governor's case with that of Mayor Weaver is naturally in order. Both were put in office as complaisant machine men; both—though it took the Governor a long time to do so—came to a realizing sense of what the old régime meant, and now Pennypacker has the chance to make himself remembered with Weaver as emancipator of his commonwealth.

Gov. Herrick of Ohio has been discoursing on the text of the November elections. He is naturally something of a weeping prophet. He admits that the people were in search of honest men and pure government, but laments that they made such an awful mistake in Ohio as to reject him. Jerome's victory Gov. Herrick can understand; the grounds and motives of the uprising against corruption in Philadelphia and the whole of Pennsylvania he can appreciate and admire; but in his own case he is painfully aware that a good man was sacrificed to prejudice. Passing by this somewhat ludicrous exhibition of his own wounds, one observation of Gov. Herrick's deserves attention. It is, that a sort of blind and vindictive desire to punish somebody was evident in the breaking up of the fountains of the political great deep; and that mere punishment is not a wholesome or fruitful principle in public life. It would be easy to demur to this. Surely, it is well that corrupt and complacent bosses should have a foretaste of the day of judgment now and then. Grant that the fury which comes to them with the abhorred shears is blind; still she gives them the needed reminder that they are but mortal men, that their power is hollow, and that their riches have wings. Consider the case of Boss Murphy. Two months ago he had the most engaging programme marked out. His Mayor was to be elected by 100,000 majority. The boss triumphant was then to strike for the leadership of the Democracy of this State, next to move on conquering into national politics, naming a Governor and President, and graciously receiving adulation and more of "the stuff." But now all that has vanished like a scene in the theatre, and Murphy is fighting for his life. Such retribution before the grave is righteous and beneficial, we maintain, even if there were an element of vindictiveness in its infliction by the people. The present plight of Murphy, of Durham, of Lentz, of Cox, of Dick and Penrose and Lodge, is full of moral instruction, whether the rage of the voters vented upon them is but a brief madness or not.

In addition to justice, political expediency demands that every step be taken to ascertain the true result of the election on Tuesday week. Hearst as Mayor would be far less formidable than Hearst as a fomenter of discontent and disorder who could allege that he had been cheated out of the Mayoralty. In office, he could be trusted to discredit himself and his cause, and to alienate his support. Out of office and with a grievance, he could inflame the social passions to which he appeals, and make them take on a more furious violence. Hence his stoutest opponents, those who dread him most, should welcome the fullest inquiry into the results of the voting. Every legal remedy should be put freely at the disposal of Hearst and his lawyers. Even their wildest allegations should be sifted. Let them bring forward every claim and charge that they can think of, and have each put to the test of law and evidence, so that, if Mayor McClellan shall finally be found legally elected, the cries of fraud shall have been shown to be baseless. To meet Hearst's demands for an investigation by the pettifogging methods of a *nisi prius* lawyer would be the worst of blunders. Let every ballot be inspected and the true count made clear as noonday. Mayor McClellan's statement of his own attitude is far too hesitant and grudging on this point.

The announcement that the new association to prevent corrupt practices will also devote its attention to a reform of the ballot shows that one of the important lessons of the election is being widely recognized. The agitation must be kept up day by day, even after the Mayoralty contest is settled. Should McClellan be found to be elected by ballots wrongly discarded, it will be unanswerable proof of the failure of the law to prevent the stealing of an election. This would complete the indictment. It is known now that the ballot does not always insure secrecy; that it incites to minor frauds, and is planned to trick the voters in the interests of the bosses; that it puts such heavy burdens on the courts as to make their break-down possible. What good can be said of the ballot save that it is an advance on the primitive methods of earlier days? Certainly, it cannot be claimed that the ballot is just to candidates whose names are far down on the party column. To cite only one case: in 1897, the candidates for Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals received in this city alone 90,000 fewer votes than were cast for the Mayoralty candidates. There was, of course, an especial reason for that, but in every election the vote similarly tapers off, because thousands fail to understand the system of voting.

The candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in Massachusetts, Henry M. Whitney, who ran against Lodge's personal candidate, with opposition to the Senator-boss as one of his chief issues, did not run so far ahead of his party ticket as Douglas did last year. Yet relatively he made nearly as serious an inroad on the Republican ranks as did Gov. Russell in 1892 when the State was carried for Harrison. The Bay State's habit of promoting lieutenant-governors to the chief executive office—a meritorious policy if of the people and not of the machine—has been followed in Mr. Guild's case, after a year of virtual probation. It was to the second place on the ticket that everybody looked for an expression of opinion regarding Lodge. Guild, one of the men who were overruled in their desire for a Republican reciprocity plank, wins by 23,116, while Draper, the avowed representative of the inseparable stand-pat and Lodge interests, crawls through by less than 2,500 votes.

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There will be regret, amid rejoicings elsewhere, at the defeat of the reform ticket in San Francisco. Under the domination of Abraham Ruef, the Murphy of Mayor Schmitz, the city has been run in the interests of grafters and law-breakers. Masquerading as a labor-union administration, the Schmitz government has been one which honest workmen must despise, for it means their identification with "red lights" and other tokens of unmitigated evil. John S. Partridge, the reform leader, made a notable fight, proving himself a fearless, outspoken young leader, and giving the Ruef "gang" a bad scare. As it was, Partridge did well to hold the machine down to only 15,000 plurality. Four years hence the uprising against bosses should infect San Francisco. Meanwhile, the city is to be pitied. Not only its moral welfare, but its proper municipal and business development as well, is injured by the continuance of the labor demagoguery which rules the municipality.

Two important steps towards the reform of our consular and diplomatic service were announced on Saturday. Hereafter, no one can obtain any consular post without first passing the examination which has hitherto applied only to positions the salaries of which are under $2,500 a year. Fitness will henceforth be the test for important offices as well as for unimportant. Of course, much will depend upon the examinations and the stiffness of the marking, but the mere threat of a written test should suffice to keep out of consulships some of the rural Dogberrys who have disgraced the nation hitherto, and given all America so unenviable a reputation abroad. The State Department has also decided that no one can become secretary of legation who is not master of one language besides his native tongue. These are in themselves encouraging rulings, but the promise of further improvements they hold out is even more gratifying. Both the President and Mr. Root are awake to the need of reform, and it is said that this Administration will insist on a graded service of such permanence as to attract men to it for a life career. The President recommended this to Congress in his last message for the consular service.

We saw noted the other day the shipment of a quantity of Bibles and of playing cards for the employees on the Isthmus of Panama. On Thursday the Isthmian Canal Commission authorized Chief Engineer Stevens to build a $7,500 clubhouse for his men at Cristobal. Half-a-dozen more clubhouses are in contemplation. Thus proceed the plans for making life endurable in the canal zone. The hand of the "welfare experts" called in at last is everywhere to be discerned. The Commission has learned thoroughly the lesson that before "making the dirt fly" it must get ready, not merely for the physical performance of digging, but for making its force reasonably contented. It is not yet on the way to an adequate supply of labor, however, and we shall naturally look for a steady increase of inducements until the point of equilibrium is reached. The desired young men would not come for the salaries alone, so we are offering them club-life, billiards, and athletic sports. If they still remain at home, there are yet cards to be played. Was not there talk recently at Panama of endowing a theatre? There should be no surer way of retaining the homesick American than by giving him at his far-away post comforts and luxuries which he could not command at home. A returned canal workman pining in his native town for the delights of Culebra would be an advertisement of inestimable value.

The Navy Department is apparently planning to make impossible another killing at Annapolis as the result of prizefighting. It is bad enough that what is forbidden by law in practically every State should go on openly on the decks of Federal warships, with officers sitting by and urging on the fighters. But that this senseless brutality should be permitted and encouraged at Annapolis is really scandalous. Only a couple of years ago the people of this country insisted on the stamping out of hazing at both Annapolis and West Point. It was duly suppressed, and so could fist-fights be. But, as is shown by the interviews in the *Herald* and other papers, naval officers believe in them as a means of makings boys manly—a belief widely held in the eighteenth century, but now generally discarded, certainly in all civilian institutions of learning. A prize-fight at Harvard or Yale or Princeton would be incredible; and no preparatory school could flourish which permitted such practices. Formerly flogging and the issuance of liquor and other practices were also considered necessary to make good men-of-war's men. These could not be restored now, but they are not more anachronistic. Secretary Bonaparte has ordered a court-martial for the survivor of the late contest.

The vote of the official representatives of fourteen Southern States in convention at Chattanooga on Friday in favor of a national quarantine comes less than a fortnight after the first day without a yellow fever case in New Orleans. The fact is that agitation for a national quarantine has invariably followed closely on outbreaks of imported disease and died away between times. If Congress met in the season of epidemics, it is quite probable that we should have had a national quarantine system many years ago. In truth, the way in which public confidence in the efficiency of the Federal Government's work has overbalanced such State-rights sentiments as still survived in Gov. Vardaman's address to the Chattanooga convention, has been very impressive. Of course, the time passed generations ago when the defence of our seaboard against disease could be regarded as in any sense a local matter. We have had a steadily increasing degree of coöperation between the various State boards of health, and a larger number of the stations at the various ports have been voluntarily turned over to the control of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. Thus the complete supplanting of the local jurisdiction now means much less practical change than it would have done a few year ago.

A "Theodore Roosevelt Professorship of American History and Institutions" in the University of Berlin would have seemed a marvel to Bancroft or Motley. Its founding by Mr. James Speyer, at a time when the tide of American students flowing to Germany is somewhat slackening, with the reciprocal appointment of German professors to lecture at Columbia and Harvard, witnesses a great change of conditions and a still greater change of sentiment. The step itself is not so important as what it signifies. In this matter, the universities, and even the Kaiser and the President, speak less for themselves than for their nations. Unless there were already a good understanding and a fruitful intercourse between the United States and Germany, this interchange of professors would be an empty and slightly comic formality. As it is, we may regard it as an outward sign of a quiet but steady rapprochement of two peoples.

A fall in New York bank reserves to less than 25 per cent. of outstanding deposit liabilities is so unusual that last Saturday's bank statement, showing a shortage of $2,428,000, excites attention. Under the national-bank act, a reserve of 25 per cent. in specie and legal tender money is stringently required; the law prescribing that when reserves of a city national bank's reserve are below that ratio, and until the ratio is restored, the institution "shall not increase its liabilities by making any new loans or discounts otherwise than by discounting or purchasing bills of exchange payable at sight." The purpose of that exception is, obviously, to leave with the bank the facilities for drawing on outside markets. It is clear that the law deems maintenance of such a ratio of reserves imperative. It goes so far, indeed, as to endow the Federal officers with the power to force the bank out

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of business if it fails for thirty days to make good the deficiency. Conservative critics are unanimous in approving this requirement; it is, in fact, deemed much more essential to-day, when the banks are carrying as deposits nearly nine-tenths of the $187,000,000 reserves of the trust companies of this State, than it was before the rise of those institutions. The Bank of England, which similarly holds on deposit the reserves of the English joint-stock banks, regards a 40 per cent. cash reserve as the minimum of prudence.

Only on four occasions in the past fifteen years has such a deficiency occurred. In November, 1899, and November, 1890, the cause lay in sudden and heavy demands of Europe on our capital, in both instances because of a London money panic. On a third occasion, in July, 1893, it was panic at home and a run on bank reserves, that caused the deficiency. Neither circumstance existed in the fourth case referred to, that of September, 1902, and neither exists to-day. It is true, the European money markets have for various reasons shown their resources to be considerably strained this season, and the active trade at our own interior markets has caused the latter to draw very heavily on their New York credit balances. But the root of the trouble this year, as in the autumn of 1902, was that a stock speculation of enormous proportions was started by our millionaire "operators" in the very face of the coming money stringency. In both years, these speculative "pools" and "cliques" were warned by all bankers of judgment and experience, both publicly and privately, that they were trying a dangerous experiment. They paid no heed whatever to the warning, either in 1902, or in the present season. In 1902, the penalty inflicted, when bank reserves had fallen below the legal requirement, was withdrawal of loans which these adventurers had been using to "carry" their inflated stocks, and the consequent rout of the speculators. The resultant reduction of bank liabilities promptly restored equilibrium in the bank return. It remains to be seen how the banks will deal with the similar problem now confronting them.

The missionary aspect of the life-insurance business as delineated by President McCurdy of the Mutual continues to crop up in the legislative inquiry—most strikingly in the matter of industrial insurance, which must be probed more deeply by the committee. People who buy this form of insurance pay very high rates for it, partly, at least, because of the cost of collecting the small premiums. Solicitors go from house to house, gathering ten-cent pieces and quarter-dollars from housemaids and mechanics. From the point of view of the policyholder, this seems, on the face of it, a wasteful method of saving—if we may employ a contradiction in terms. When the 51 per cent. of lapses—certified to by Metropolitan officers—is reckoned in, the extravagance is yet more startling. No one can deny that though the Metropolitan itself is prosperous, its system, which lays such a burden on the poor, is now open to the gravest suspicion.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham, on November 3, was called by his admirers a "fighting" speech, but the enemies he was attacking were those of his own household. He turned savagely upon Lord Londonderry, a member of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet, and proceeded to read him, with Lord Hugh Cecil and all the Unionist free traders, out of the party. Then of the Prime Minister himself, and his conduct of the party and public business, Mr. Chamberlain said as damaging things as have been uttered by any Liberal. He spoke contemptuously of "timorous counsels" and "half-hearted convictions," and declared that the last session of Parliament had been "more humiliating to ourselves, to a great party, than I can recollect in the course of my political experience." Of the action of the Government in running away from motions against protection, he spoke as "a stain" upon the Conservative party—though, of course, it was a stain put there by Mr. Balfour's own direction. The Prime Minister might well exclaim: "Call you this backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!" But even worse was to come, for Mr. Chamberlain declared for an early dissolution of Parliament, and affirmed that the longer Mr. Balfour delayed his appeal to the country, the worse he would be beaten. Throughout the speech, in fact, ran a tone of angry impatience and bitter defiance, the implication being that the speaker was in a great hurry to have his party defeated under his friend Balfour, and then turn to Chamberlain himself for a programme and a leader.

French Cabinets are so chronically in unstable equilibrium that the wonder always is, not that they fall, but that they survive. M. Rouvier had a narrow escape on Friday, and the extreme bitterness displayed in the Chamber might seem to make his retention of power improbable. Still, the wolves had the Minister of War, who has been very unpopular, thrown to them, and that may keep them quiet for a time. Moreover, Rouvier's appeal to the *bloc* to remain solid, lest the bill for the separation of Church and State fail, may have its effect. It is very like an embarrassed Republican appealing to dissenters to rally and save the sacred tariff. Rouvier, it is well known, has personally had no zeal in the movement to disestablish the Church. He simply inherited the separation bill from his fiercely doctrinaire predecessor, M. Combes, and has accepted it as one of the conditions of keeping his Government a going concern. The measure has passed the Chamber and is now under debate in the Senate. Grave doubts exist about its passing before the general elections of next year; but it may be held by Rouvier *in terrorem* over the heads of the various groups to which he has to look for support. The very fact, too, that there is soon to be a new Chamber and a new President of the Republic, should tend to still the clamor for a new Ministry, which would inevitably be short-lived. Yet there are evidently powerful influences at work against the present Prime Minister. Jaurès is leading off the Socialists, and Delcassé's many friends are watching for an opportunity to take revenge for his dismissal. And the dissatisfaction over Rouvier's surrender to Germany in the matter of the Morocco Conference, wise though it was, does not appear to abate with time.

Reports of the triumph of liberalism in Russia alternate with accounts of fiendish brutality. Autocracy and mediævalism die hard. The mutiny at Cronstadt confronted Witte when he was called upon to suppress riots and revolts in towns hundreds of miles apart. The announcement of his cabinet fails to evoke enthusiasm, either in the ranks of Liberals or in those of reactionaries. None of the members—among whom M. Shipoff, the Minister of Finance, who was associated with M. Witte, at Portsmouth, is most widely known outside Russia—has been prominently identified with the Zemstvoists or Moderate Liberals, who are the steadying influence at the present day. But Count Witte, like others of the few great men who have reorganized a state out of chaos, may be his own ministry. It is not to be expected that the radical element will be easily appeased, while the formation of an Upper Chamber, one-half of whose members are to be appointed by the Czar, will not allay the skepticism of even those moderate Liberals who have hailed with delight the final dismissal of Gen. Trepoff. The most hopeful sign of the dawn of a new era in Russia is the report that Prince Obolensky, the successor of Pobyedonostzeff, has appealed to the priests to stop the slaughter of the Jews. Of all the measures proposed, whether in this country or abroad, to put an end to the unspeakable atrocities that have wrung the heart of mankind, none will be so efficacious as a mandate by the head of the Orthodox Church.

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THE REFERENDUM VOTES.

Though the Poe disfranchising amendment which so signally failed in Maryland on election day, attracted the attention of the whole country, it was not the only important referendum vote in the States. In Rhode Island a proposal to reapportion representation in the lower house of the Legislature was beaten; in Ohio an amendment to the State Constitution, providing for biennial elections, was endorsed by both parties and passed; and Chicago was given what amounts to a new charter by the confirmation at the polls of the action of the Legislature at Springfield last winter. An unofficial vote in Indian Territory showed that the sentiment in favor of Statehood separate from Oklahoma was weaker than was supposed. The seven amendments, good, bad, and indifferent, submitted to the New York voters were passed, but the vote was light, as it was in Ohio, where the referendum was hardly more than a formality.

The constitutional amendment proposed by the Republicans of Rhode Island was an apparent concession to the popular demand for a revision of a system of representation that is outworn and unfair. It provided for an increase of membership in the House of Representatives to one hundred, and enlarged the Providence delegation from 12 to 25. But it did not touch the State Senate, which is the real ruling body in Rhode Island; nor did it propose to invest the Governor with the veto or to do anything to make that official more than a mere figurehead. As the active opponents of the measure were quick to point out, it proposed to give additional representation to but one-seventeenth of the population, where gerrymandering could most easily be employed to clinch Republican rule. Some 17,000 votes were recorded in favor of even this insincere attempt to revise the antiquated Constitution; but this was only a little more than a thousand in excess of the votes against it, while a three-fifths vote was necessary. The Republicans now lament the fact that revision will be delayed "for two or three years at least," but Dr. Garvin was right in urging the voters to insist upon a real reform measure.

Little interest was excited by the amendment submitted to the Ohio voters. It was in line with the action already taken by a number of other States like Iowa and Indiana, where it has been decided that an election once in every two years is enough. Heretofore certain State and county officials have been chosen in odd-numbered years, and others in the even-numbered years. By the new provision, all State elections will be held in the even-numbered years, and only municipal elections will occur in the odd years. Gov. Pattison's term will extend through three years instead of the usual two, in order that the next choice may be made in 1908. Another amendment provided for the exemption from taxation of municipal, county, school, and township bonds.

Chicago's "little ballot" contained a number of important matters for the voters to pass upon. These included an extension of the Mayor's term from two to four years, a change that has been adopted throughout Indiana and in a number of our chief cities, including New York, Philadelphia, and Kansas City. The City Council was given the power to fix the price of gas and electricity—a power that has been sought for years. The old system of police magistrates and justices of the peace—the inadequate "justice shops"—was voted out of existence, and a municipal court organization substituted, the change to be made on December 1, 1906. Another proposition was to create outside the limits of the settled city a series of "forest preserves," or natural park areas, in anticipation of the growth of population. It was generally supposed that this undertaking would be approved without difficulty, but the vote was so light that it may have failed on the ground that it did not receive a majority of the votes cast at the election. The figures were 87,000 in favor of it and 58,000 against, while for the office of the president of the sanitary district some 186,000 ballots were cast. It will be necessary to take the matter to the courts for settlement. The habitual indifference of voters toward abstract propositions which involve no element of personal gain to individuals or party leaders, was illustrated in the meagre attention paid to this excellent amendment in Chicago, as compared to the big poll on Gorman's pet measure in Maryland and the Aldrich-Brayton pretence in Rhode Island.

The vote on the plan to put the control of the price of gas and electricity in the hands of the city was regarded by Chicago as an advance of the municipal-ownership propaganda, and the favoring vote was larger on that account than it would have been without such a tag. On the other hand, a proposal to build a municipal lighting plant in Toledo, where a "disciple" of the late "Golden Rule" Jones was elected Mayor, failed to secure the necessary two-thirds vote. Buffalo likewise ignored its opportunity to "throttle" a lighting monopoly and authorize the erection of a municipal electric-light and power plant. In that city only 9,641 votes were cast on the proposition, though it should be said that a favorable verdict would not have been mandatory on the city. That the city-ownership idea has spread widely was shown by the result of the mayoralty election in Terre Haute, Ind., where a local Dunne defeated the present conservative Republican incumbent. Other Indiana cities rebuked the "wide-open" policies of their administrations by putting in mayors pledged to carry out Gov. Hanly's law-and-order policy. In Maryland and Rhode Island the verdict was sound, and in Ohio and Chicago popular assent was readily given to propositions already threshed out and approved by the voters.

THE NEW YORK CITY VOTE ANALYZED.

As Mr. Jerome's victory was the most remarkable feature of the late election, his vote is the first to be considered in an examination of the returns. The independent candidate for District Attorney received a total of 123,980 votes. The ante-election curiosity as to the source of his probable plurality may now be easily gratified by noting how far his opponents ran behind their respective tickets. Flammer, who should not in reason have had any votes at all, polled 51,069 less than Mr. Ivins, this difference constituting the largest element in the Jerome vote. Shearn had 49,478 less votes than Mr. Hearst, and Osborne 33,253 less than Mr. McClellan. It thus appears that Ivins and Hearst adherents contributed about equally to Mr. Jerome's success, while Tammany votes went to him in much smaller proportion. The gap of 9,820 between Mr. Jerome's actual vote and the combined deficiencies of his opponents as compared with their respective Mayoralty candidates, shows that there must have been an average of some nine voters to an election district who either threw away their votes for District Attorney or marked their ballots improperly. This accords with our information that in a few districts there were as many as twenty ballots intended for Jerome, but marked in two circles. In passing, it may be noted, moreover, that almost a third of the discrepancy—2,885, to be exact—is accounted for in Abraham Gruber's district, the Twenty-first.

It is certain, in any case, that more than 40 per cent. of the voters in these three parties successfully split their tickets and had them counted—an achievement which we believe to be without parallel in any State with a ballot resembling New York's. That conditions were not uniform is shown by the strange combinations of city and county candidates favored in the various Assembly districts. Thus, of the districts carried by Osborne, 16 went for McClellan and 4 for Hearst; of Jerome's districts, 7 were carried by McClellan, 5 for Hearst, and 1 for Ivins; while Shearn's two pluralities were naturally in Hearst districts.

In view of the contingency on which Mr. Ivins's predictions of success were based—namely, that if he retained his full party vote, he would be elected—it is interesting to note that both Mr. Hearst

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and Mr. McClellan polled a vote larger than the entire Republican enrolment. Mr. Ivins fell 83,731 behind it, and the returns show that this falling off was in a general way uniform throughout the city. There was not a single district in which Ivins's total was equal to the number of voters who had officially declared themselves to be Republicans in 1904. In the district with largest Republican enrolment, the Eighteenth Brooklyn, with 9,244, he got but 6,779; in that with smallest enrolment, the Third Queens, with 453, he polled but 324. But it was different in McClellan's case. Taking the entire city, the numerical difference between his vote and the Democratic enrolment was larger than that in the case of his Republican opponent, being 91,940. Yet in seven districts he polled a vote larger than the enrolment.

Everywhere else in the city, Hearst manifestly drew votes away from both the other parties. The seven where the Tammany enrolled vote was untouched deserve, therefore, a little further notice. The districts in question are the Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Tenth, Fourteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-seventh of Manhattan. Their respective Tammany leaders are Ahearn, T. P. Sullivan, F. S. Sullivan, Harburger, Oakley, Keenan, and Martin. Let us take the figures for the group as a whole in comparison with those for Manhattan and for the entire city:

	Republican.		Democrats.	
	Enrolment.	Vote.	Enrolment.	Vote.
Specified districts	10,405	6,682	17,662	20,399
Manhattan and Bronx	103,139	64,354	183,025	140,978
City	221,849	138,118	321,083	229,083

The excess of McClellan's vote over the Democratic enrolment in these seven districts alone accounts for 352 more than his plurality. It is to be noted, further, that McClellan's gain over his party's enrolled vote, 3,737, is almost exactly equal to Ivins's losses from his, which were 3,723. So it seems to have been a unique condition of things that prevailed in these districts. Hearst was strong enough to carry three of them—the Eighth, Tenth, and Sixteenth—yet he did this without cutting at all into the Tammany vote, and the Tammany candidate meanwhile had received all the Republican defections bodily. It is true that the voters who did not enroll as members of any party, 22,423 in number, were more than enough to account for the Hearst vote. The total vote, moreover, is no nearer the registration figures than for the city as a whole. Yet, in our opinion, the figures, as they stand square neither with common sense nor with the observed developments of Hearst's campaign in the districts concerned. Here is a field for investigation at the start.

In connection with the Assembly and Aldermanic candidates we notice the same divisions of districts as in connection with the District Attorneyship. Mr. Hearst carried eleven Assembly districts in Manhattan and the Bronx, but only two of his Assembly candidates were successful, while, though Mr. Ivins carried but a solitary district, sixteen, or nearly half, of the Republican Assemblymen were elected. Substantially the same thing is true regarding the aldermanic candidates. The choice of a Board of Aldermen with a clear Republican majority at the same time as a Tammany Board of Estimate is about as remarkable an outcome as the choice of an independently nominated District Attorney.

OUR IMPOSSIBLE BALLOT.

If the election did nothing else, it supplied unanswerable arguments for repealing without further delay the existing ballot law of this State. Mr. Jerome, it is true, was successful in spite of the obstacles put in his way by our clumsy and exasperating system of voting. His triumph, as a candidate independently nominated on a party-column ballot of this type, is surely unexampled. But the very figures that tell his story reveal the almost grotesque defects of the ballot law. How, for instance, are Flammer's 13,000 votes to be accounted for? He did not ask them for himself, the party organization did not ask them for him. Even a Republican bent on "knifing" Jerome should have preferred to vote for Osborne or Shearn. It is an irreducible minimum of crazy voting, and its cause is a ballot law the peculiar function of which is to scare every voter possible into voting a straight ticket, with reason or without reason.

Again, there were undoubtedly cast and put aside many hundreds, if not thousands, of ballots on which voters had placed crosses in both the Jerome circle and the Republican, Tammany, or Municipal Ownership circle. There is no question as to the intent of the citizens who cast them, yet the decision of the courts on the nice point of their legality may conceivably reverse the result of the election. That a campaign canard issued on the eve of election should be able to influence votes is bad enough, but that it should be possible by the mere issue of an illegally marked sample ballot to deceive voters who know their preferences into throwing away their suffrage, is unspeakably worse. That there should be any element of truth in the cry, "Vote straight it is the only way to get your ballot counted," is itself the deepest reproach.

For weeks before the election, newspapers have to be turned into primers of information how to vote. It takes a long paragraph merely to outline the two modes permitted for voting a split ticket; and independent organizations, unless they present a full ticket against the machines, must perforce give as much of their attention to elucidating the mysteries of the ballot law as to winning friends for the candidate. Arguments *why* he should be voted for are almost swamped in explanations *how* he can be voted for. The spectacle of educated New Yorkers annually learning how to vote is quite as absurd as Congressman Mudd's ante-election schools, where Maryland negroes were laboriously taught to pick out the "ox-yokes" in the name of "Sydney."

If all this were in any way unavoidable, we might put up with it philosophically enough. But it is not necessary. Ballots of simple and understandable form are in regular use, not only in Massachusetts, with her educational qualification, but in States where manhood suffrage obtains. There is undoubtedly some force in the argument that the ballot as used in Massachusetts—the "pure Australian" type—is not perfectly suited to the needs of a community which permits its citizens to vote before they can read and write. The experience of Maryland, for example, shows the results of imposing on an ignorant electorate a ballot designed for an unusually qualified voting population. Haphazard voting is no less an evil than hidebound voting. But there are many ways of surmounting the difficulty. The essential point is: *the straight-ticket circle must go.* Even if the ballot were left unchanged except in this particular, it would be a great step forward. Then everybody, whether he voted a straight or a split ticket, would have to make as many marks as there were offices to be filled; but the illiterate or the blind partisan has the column arrangement as a guide to his pencil. Just such a law in Montana generates an amount of independent voting that very few other States can equal. It is said that four-fifths of the ballots in that State are "split."

For a combination of practical and intelligent features, however, we have never seen anything better than the bill drawn here in 1901 and introduced in the Legislature of that year by Senator Elsberg. That bill retained the party emblem on a small scale as a concession to those whose political convictions are dependent on a picture gallery. It embodied at the same time the separate coupon for each office, so that a man who had made a mistake in one office did not necessarily lose his vote for all other offices thereby; and, finally, substituted the rubber stamp for the marking pencil, thus eliminating at a stroke all the complex questions arising out of the "marked for identification" clause.

There never will be a better time than the present to conduct an agitation on behalf of a ballot which shall be framed in the interest of the people and not in behalf of the bosses and machines. Unfortunately, the politicians recognize

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the opportunities which the party-column ballot gives them, and they cannot be induced to consent to alteration until they realize that public sentiment demands it. But just as the so-called Australian ballot was forced upon the politicians, a better one can also be secured from the Legislature. Gov. Higgins's readinesss for a change is an encouraging sign. Mr. Ivins is already enlisted for the fight, and the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union has voted to prepare at once a petition to the Legislature, asking the repeal of the ballot law, and the adoption of the Massachusetts system. Its ballot-reform committee is to work in conjunction with other organizations, and is to obtain as many signatures as possible before the Legislature meets. Moreover, the press of the city is awake to the need of the hour. The *Times* has called for "an intelligible ballot." The *Globe* declares that it is now time to rearrange the Australian ballot—originally fixed to suit the politicians—"to suit the people." The *World* feels that the fact that, in electing Jerome, "popular intelligence prevailed over the badness of the law, is all the more reason for its prompt radical amendment." The *Press* speaks of our "imbecile ballot." The *Sun* declares that the law as it now stands is "a constant invitation to error and fraud."

In the agitation which is now certain it must first of all be made plain that the existing ballot is wrongly termed Australian. The ballot actually in use in Australia was not adopted here, but *adapted*, and to its detriment. It was, moreover, introduced in this State by means of a cumbersome law, which by 1896 contained no less than one hundred and sixty-seven sections. Two years later the Court of Appeals declared that it had found some of these sections "quite difficult to understand," and yet it felt that, to be really qualified, the voter ought to know and understand every one of them. This high tribunal then went on to state that, in its opinion, the dangers to free government from the law were so great as to "*demand* the attention of the Legislature." But that attention has never been given. Complaining delegations at Albany have had the scantiest attention accorded them. The Legislature has been too busy with a thousand other matters to waste any time upon reconstructing this dangerous statute.

What the Appellate Division said in 1898 sounds almost like a warning against the situation existing in this city to-day. It was: "If an election were close and the action of the district canvassers throughout a large territory were to be brought in review before the courts, we are entirely clear that the judicial machinery would *break down* by the weight and number of the issues to be decided." In this Mayoralty case, one of the very first questions the courts will have to pass upon is whether a cross in the circle over Jerome's name invalidates the ballot. Hundreds of votes, as we have said, were so marked, instead of with a cross in front of Jerome's name. What possible excuse is there for a ballot which makes such errors possible? Yet this is perhaps the simplest question to come before the judges. It must not be forgotten that the first persons to pass upon the difficult points about which the Court of Appeals complained are not jurists, but election officers, who are, in the eyes of the law, merely administrative officials.

A THÉÂTRE DE LUXE.

It seems to be settled beyond all reasonable doubt that within the next two or three years New York will have one of the finest theatres on one of the finest sites in the world. The ground has been secured, the plans prepared, and the necessary millions subscribed, not only for erecting the building, but for endowing it so as to render the management independent of the box-office receipts. Moreover, this princely temple is to be under the direct patronage of some of our wealthiest citizens, who will fill it with the effulgence of the opera or the horse-show; is to open its doors at reasonable rates to all meaner mortals; and is to be devoted to the representation, in the best possible manner, of all that is highest and typical in all forms of the drama, ancient and modern, foreign or domestic. And this interesting proclamation, promising the speedy fulfilment of hopes which the most sanguine believer in the future of the play-house scarcely dared to dream of as possibilities of the remote future, is made at a moment when the theatrical outlook is darker than it was at the beginning of the Irving period, when the race of real actors is nearly extinct, and all living writers of high repute have abandoned dramatic composition.

On its face, this prospectus is almost dazzling in its brightness, but the vital question is whether it can be made good. It would be foolish and presumptuous to answer with a decided negative, but the difficulties to be surmounted are enormous. They will be best appreciated by those who have most closely studied the history of the theatre. Money may make the man—that faith is at least as old as Pindar—but it is powerless, by itself, to recreate, although it may foster, an art. How does the case stand? We all know the current managerial plea, based upon the rankest of fallacies, that the present degradation of the stage is due to the low public taste and the financial necessity of gratifying it. The millionaire theatre, of course, will not feel the weight of that sordid incubus. Although it expects the crowd to contribute to its expenses, its policy need not be affected by the failure of one play or of a dozen. So long as it cares nothing about profit, it may remain open and make new productions, indefinitely. But if that were its sole object—the provision of a gorgeous, fashionable, and popular place of entertainment, without direct reference to gain—there would be nothing about it to demand present discussion. It would differ only in degree, not in kind, from many of our existing theatres. Decadent as it is, our stage cannot be charged with lack of variety. At this hour it is giving us samples of American, English, French, Belgian, German, and Russian drama. Shakspere, Clyde Fitch, Maeterlinck, Oscar Wilde, and Bernard Shaw are represented, not to speak of others less famous or notorious. Variety is not necessarily the spice of theatrical life.

The only declaration that gives the semblance of real importance, from the serious or artistic point of view, to the rather over-confident proclamation of the National or Universal Theatre—perhaps the final appellation may be a trifle more modest—is that of its educational intent. If the gentlemen who have pledged their negligible fortunes for boxes in the exclusive circle, cherish a passion for the restoration of the theatre to its proper place among the arts, realize what that aspiration means, and will interest themselves personally and actively in the pursuit of it—then, and only then, they may achieve substantial results. If they rely merely upon the magic of the check-book, and delegate all executive responsibility to salaried subordinates, they will meet with humiliating failure.

It is granted at once that they have done well in selecting Mr. Conried as their managing director. The creator of the Irving Place Theatre has demonstrated the catholicity of his taste, his skill as a stage manager, and his wide acquaintance with the comprehensive range of the drama, as known to the German stage. But Mr. Conried, in the past, has confined himself, in the main, to the production of plays which have already proved successes; and it may reasonably be doubted whether he, or any one man, is capable of bearing the additional burthen which it is now proposed to put upon him. Herein lies the most obvious and disconcerting weakness of the new programme. Its intimation that money is all-potent is discouraging enough, but the apparent disregard or ignorance of the vital preliminaries to any real theatrical reform excites the gravest mistrust.

One might suppose that the ideal theatre is to spring, fully equipped, from a plethoric pocketbook, that good new plays are to be had for the asking, and that capable actors of all standard

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pieces, comic or tragic, are to be picked up at every corner. As a matter of fact, it would be impossible to construct a good stock company out of existing materials except after years of arduous training, under expert direction. Very little heed has been given, apparently, to this fundamental obstacle. But, for the sake of argument, let it be supposed that the ideal company has been found, and that it is equal to every emergency. What will then have been secured beyond the establishment of one theatre in which good performances may be expected? What advance will have been made toward a general revivification of theatrical art? One capable company will, no doubt, have the force of good example. It may slowly do for the elevation of dramatic taste what the Metropolitan Opera has done for musical. But we really need many such companies, and they must be in active competition if they are to make progress. The idea of the National Theatre promoters, that actors, safe from outside rivalry and assured of a permanent competence, will exhibit a more rapid artistic development than their less fortunate fellows, is contrary to all human experience—and assured of a large and permanent income the actors of the new theatre must be, or there will soon be an end of the stock company.

On the whole, the new scheme is, we fear, more magnificent than practical. That the two-million-dollar house will give distinction to its neighborhood and satisfaction to its patrons, may be regarded as certain; that it may offer some notable representations, is by no means improbable; but that it will immediately and directly raise the national standard of drama, or hasten the looked-for revival, only the most sanguine of enthusiasts will believe.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.—I.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
November 4, 1905.

On August 15, 1905, there were gathered in Cape Town about four hundred over-sea members, with a strong supplement of South African members, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at the opening of its seventy-fifth meeting. The Association has met outside of the British Isles on only two other occasions—at Montreal in 1884, and at Toronto in 1897. The visit to South Africa this summer was, however, a much more exceptional affair than a mere transatlantic jaunt; indeed, it was the largest scientific excursion ever carried successfully through a long-distance itinerary. Three vessels of the Union-Castle line brought detachments of the party from England, the voyages varying from seventeen to twenty-three days of fair weather. The over-sea membership was of four classes. There was the "official party," of about one hundred and seventy, including the general and sectional officers of the Association and a number of representative scientists selected by the Council from the eleven sections, from Astronomy to Education; for all these there were liberal reductions of steamship fares, free railway transportation over long distances, and much private hospitality, as well as a generous subvention towards expenses from funds that had been placed at the disposal of the Association by the colonial Governments in order to ensure a strong attendance. Then there were foreign guests to the number of sixteen from Europe and America, invited by the Council from nominations made by the sectional committees. These *fortunati* were practically on a par with the official party where they were not given even greater facilities and privileges: among them may be named Engler, botanist, and Luschan, ethnologist, of Berlin; Penck, geographer, of Vienna; Backlund, astronomer, of Pulkova; and Cordier, Orientalist, of Paris; and among the five Americans, Scott, palæontologist, of Princeton; Brown, mathematician, of Haverford; Carhart, physicist, of Michigan; and Campbell, botanist, of Stanford. Third came the non-official party, for whom the concessions as to travelling expenses were less generous, but who, as far as the meetings and receptions were concerned, stood on an equality with every one else. Fourth were the wives, sons, daughters, and relatives of members, who were in sufficient number to give the excursion the appearance of a large family party. To all these should be added the colonial members, who, however, as it seemed to me, usually stood aside to let the procession pass.

Although this peripatetic meeting was smaller than its predecessors at home, it was attended by a good proportion of representative men, from the president, Prof. George Darwin of Cambridge, to the many sectional officers and speakers; and the South Africans may consider that they had a good sample of a scientific gathering in the various presidential addresses, sectional meetings and evening lectures, to say nothing of the personal conferences between home and colonial members, from which profit flowed both ways. Darwin's presidential address was given in two parts, one at Cape Town, the other at Johannesburg; it treated molecular and stellar physics in a style that must have conveyed a somewhat severe impression of popular science to the large audiences by which the halls were crowded on both occasions, but this was alleviated by the lighter vein of his frequent informal remarks—as, for example, at Pietermaritzburg, when he repeated the story of a dispute reported by a lady's maid: "The butler says as 'ow we're hall descended from Darwin, but the cook says we hain't, and they can't agree"; and at Durban, where he told how his father, when the *Beagle* touched on the Natal coast seventy years before, wished to leave the vessel and go overland to the Cape, an adventurous plan that was defeated by an off-shore breeze which turned the vessel away. "So my presence here," said the distinguished son of the famous naturalist, "may in all probability be laid to a puff of wind."

Among the various sectional addresses, mention may be made of those on "University Education and National Life," by Sir Richard Jebb, the distinguished classical professor and M. P. of Cambridge, who described himself as "a sort of Rhodes scholar from the other end," and advocated a broad-minded conception of university culture, in which the narrower views of Matthew Arnold as to the sufficiency of literature were amplified by the more philosophic views of Henry Sidgwick as to the value of scientific training; by Professor Haddon of Cambridge, anthropologist and explorer, on the native tribes of South Africa, their subdivisions and characteristics, their invasions and migrations, and particularly on the need of careful study and record of native customs before they are too much affected by European influences; by Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, army engineer in India for over twenty years, and in charge of irrigation in Egypt under the British administration, describing the systems of irrigation in various parts of the world—a subject very pertinent to the needs of the South African colonies at present; by Admiral Sir William Wharton (whose death afterwards at Cape Town was the tragedy of the whole excursion), on geographical progress, especially in oceanography, in which appropriate reference was made to the ancient circumnavigation of Africa, as recorded by Herodotus, who faithfully reported that the explorers said they saw the sun pass over the sky on their right hand, as they sailed westward around the southern end of the land, but added that he couldn't believe such a story; by Professor Miers of Oxford, on recent researches in the physico-chemistry of solutions and alloys, in their bearing on the conditions under which ancient salt deposits and crystalline rocks were formed.

The evening lectures were equally suggestive. Sir William Crookes, the eminent chemist of London, described at Kimberley the various theories of the origin of diamonds, with brilliant illustrations by means of elaborate apparatus brought all the way from home, but with a stronger leaning to the origin of the Kimberley diamond "pipes" by meteoric impact than was acceptable to some of his geological listeners. Professor Poulton, zoölogist of Oxford, presented at Cape Town an account of Burchard's African explorations of a century ago, and had the good fortune to find afterwards, through the aid of one of his audience, some of Burchard's original diaries preserved in Cape Colony and hitherto unpublished. Professor Boys, physicist of London, exhibited in Cape Town many experiments concerned with the properties of liquids. Farrar, the young geologist of the recent British Antarctic expedition, told an audience at Durban of his journeys over the far southern plateaus of ice and snow. Professor Arnold, metallurgist of Sheffield, explained at Johannesburg the structure of "Steel as an Igneous Rock" according to modern researches; and so on. It was the abundance of this sort of thing that gave some warrant to the superlative terms in which the over-sea members were greeted by colonial and municipal officers in the flattering addresses of welcome by which the Association was met at every stop on its long inland journey.

As to sectional meetings, there was much good material, to judge by the published programmes, but nothing that calls for report here in competition with the innumerable novel experiences in the Colonies that we traversed. Indeed, it was often hard to secure a worthy audience for papers of real merit, so distracting were the opportunities

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afforded by local excursions in almost every line of scientific interest. Geographers and geologists, zoölogists and botanists, in particular, found it difficult to remain indoors during the few days that we had in a region of such exceptional interest as the Cape Town district; while, at Johannesburg and Kimberley, engineers and chemists, economists and anthropologists were also continually tempted away from the formal sessions. For this reason the incidents of the itinerary may here take the place of further account of the meetings.

There were, of course, garden parties and receptions everywhere. Those given at Cape Town by his Excellency, Sir Healy Hutchinson, Governor of the Colony, by Sir David Gill, Cape astronomer, and by his Worship, the Mayor, were the first of a series that had no end till we left the continent on the return voyage. The University of the Cape of Good Hope signalized its appreciation of our visit by holding a special congregation to confer a number of honorary degrees—a dignified ceremony, which took place in the large assembly-room of the new and spacious Town Hall, in one part or another of which nearly all the meetings of the Association were held. The opening address by the President of Convocation explained with graceful modesty that it was not so much for the purpose of conferring distinction upon the recipients of the degrees as for acquiring distinction for the young university that the guests were invited to allow their names to be added to its list of alumni. Some of the new doctors were evidently chosen with regard to international considerations; thus, representatives of Russia, France, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Austria, and Sweden were ranged on one side of the platform, as if to indicate the diverse languages and interests of Continental Europe, while the force that makes for unity in the possession of a common tongue brought together on the other side representatives of Cape Colony, Canada, and the United States to fill out the line that began with British scientists like Darwin and Crookes, and with British philologists like Jebb and Murray.

The five days at Cape Town were all too short for a satisfying view of the many features thereabouts. Of Table Mountain, with its heavy cap of sandstone, unconformably overlying a floor of older rocks, too much in praise cannot be said: its superb escarpment is the northern end of a north-south range, lying at the south-western corner of southern Africa—once an island, now tied to the continent by a low, sandy belt on the east, like Gibraltar on a larger scale. Heavy surf thrashes the exposed western base of the range; Table Bay and Cape Town harbor are imperfectly protected from westerly gales north of the sand belt, while Simonstown, with a better harbor, on the east of the range south of the sand belt, has been chosen as a naval station and has large works in progress. There are charming suburban villages around the northern base of the range, where many of us were quartered, half an hour or more by rail from Cape Town, and so agreeably that we were loath to move on to our next meeting-place.

The main party left Cape Town on August 18 or 19, some by steamers, some by overland train, for Durban, the chief port of Natal. Many entertaining distractions were provided during brief stops there and at Pietermaritzburg, the capital, including views of sugar plantations, native dances, and so on. Some amusement was felt when it was learned that at the latter city, noted among its neighbors for a certain soporific quietude, Colonel Bruce, expert on tropical diseases, was to give an evening lecture on "sleeping sickness." The trip through Natal included stops at Ladysmith and other battlefields, for those historically inclined, after which the party made its way in several special trains up the strong slope by which the inner highland rises from the Indian Ocean, passing around Majuba Hill of unhappy memory on the edge of the chief escarpment, and so across the Veld, or open high country (often written Veldt by the English, as if to preserve its sound, and still better transliterated Felt) to Johannesburg in the Transvaal.

A feature of Natal is the large number of turban-wearing (East) Indians profitably engaged in the smaller industries. They make good house servants, they are largely employed by the railways, many of them are market gardeners on small holdings, and they are said to be displacing Europeans in the way of small shop-keeping. The point of all this is, that they work more steadily and intelligently than the Kaffirs, and live on a lower scale than the whites. Many of them have come from India as five-year contract laborers, but the Indian Government insists that at the end of this time they may settle permanently in South Africa, and be free to take up any work that they like. They may become citizens of the colonies, and acquire the right to vote; but suffrage for Africans and Indians is so restricted in Natal that practically none of them exercise it. In Cape Colony a larger number of non-Europeans are qualified voters, but their representation in the Assembly is so restricted that it can never reach a majority. In both of these self-governing colonies, white domination is an undisputed principle by the race now in power.

With several others who were geologically minded, I replaced the Natal détour by an excursion in the Karroo district, the inner dry part of the east-west ranges and valleys which must be crossed before reaching the plateau country farther north. The clear nights brought freezing weather, and the days were fresh enough for winter clothing. Here Mr. Rogers, geologist of the Cape Colony, was in charge, and gave us a fine opportunity of seeing a typical series of South African formations. The most remarkable of these was certainly the Dwyka, which we saw at various widely separated points—a heavy bed of unstratified material, probably of Permian date, containing numerous striated pebbles and boulders of various kinds, and lying, at most of the points where its base is seen, on a striated *moutonnée* surface, and hence unquestionably of glacial origin. It extends over something like 200,000 square miles, and, wonderful to relate, the movement of the ice sheet which formed it was southerly, from the region of the equator toward the region of the pole. It is important to note that, apparently contemporaneous with the Dwyka in South Africa, there was extensive glacial action in India and Australia. To say that geologists are puzzled thereby is to put the matter very mildly.

From Rogers's party in the Karroo, three of us, Penck of Vienna, Coleman of Toronto, and myself, made a hurried run northeastward, and joined another excursion led by Anderson, geologist of Natal, and Molengraaff, formerly geologist of the Transvaal. This was in the Vrijheid district, transferred from the Transvaal to Natal at the close of the Boer war; and here we saw something of rural Boer life, as well as of geological problems. The few Boers whom we met impressed us as men of strong character and good intelligence; and we gained the impression here and elsewhere that, while they were not altogether happy in the present situation, yet they accepted it in good faith, and worked with good will toward the future. They did not appear to harbor bad feeling against the British as such, although there were abundant signs of political antagonism between the scattered farmers and the concentrated mine owners; but there were not words enough to express the contempt felt for the National Scouts, or Boers enlisted under the British flag in the latter part of the war. We saw something of the Zulus on this occasion, looked into a kraal (village of stick and straw huts), and heard much from the colonists as to the necessity of maintaining white supremacy—a subject on which men of a rougher nature expressed themselves violently, but on which those of finer fibre spoke with much feeling of responsibility, and with perception of the difficulty of the problems ahead and of the need of well-tempered justice in attempting to solve them. Nearly every one, except the missionaries themselves, described the Christianized natives as less honest than the unconverted, and we thus gained the impression that the missionaries had gone too far and too fast. The natives taught in Jesuit schools were less criticised.

There was a stop of four days at Johannesburg, during which we were distributed among local hosts all along the Rand or low ridge formed by the outcrop of the sandstones that enclose the gold-bearing Banket or puddingstone. This allowed a resumption of sectional meetings, which were held in the temporary buildings of the new Technical Institute; but, as already hinted, it was difficult to withstand the temptation of making special excursions with our many hosts, to see the mines and the surface works and the compounds for the 80,000 Kaffirs and the 50,000 Chinese, to say nothing of the official excursions every afternoon, and of the all-day trip for many of us to the marvellous Premier diamond mine (product, over £1,000,000 a year) beyond Pretoria. Here, as well as in all our other stopping-places, the comfort of many members was substantially increased by the hospitality of the clubs, whose houses were opened to us and much used, especially at the noon hours, when the luncheon tables were filled with lively groups, where oversea and local members had better opportunity of making acquaintance than in the meeting-rooms.

Johannesburg itself was immensely interesting from its extraordinary artificialness, a metropolis in a wilderness, with a bustling population of about 80,000 Europeans and as many natives—not counting the

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Kaffirs and Chinese in the mining compounds; with many large buildings and fine shops, tramway service, and residential suburbs, all set down in a high and dry country, nearly 6,000 feet above the sea, bare of trees, scant of water, empty of people for miles and miles together—a country apparently fit for little more than cattle-raising, and now almost deprived of cattle by rinderpest and other diseases, unsuited for wheat farming because of the rust that comes with the summer rains, and without high mountains to supply perennial streams for irrigation; a city where the working population is recruited from India and China, as well as from the African colonies, and where many of the European and American population would seem to be held only by high salaries or high wages, ready to escape homeward as soon as possible—for who would make a permanent residence at this centre of dust in a region of dreariness, if the possibility of living in a more verdant and versatile country were open to him? (and yet this is, I fear, only the stranger's view); a city where the interest of every one centres in the mines, from which the monthly output is £1,700,000, and yet from which the profits to shareholders are said on the average to be small, where "Kaffirs Rising" as a headline in the morning papers suggests to the uninitiated outsider the need of getting a gun and joining the militia to suppress a native insurrection, but shows to the residents that their mining shares are advancing in price (and every one has some stock in the mines); a city so civilized that it would soon go naked and starve if supplies of all sorts were not received from thousands of miles over seas and lands, and yet so dependent on the mines that it will remain only as strange ruins when its population dwindles away after the Banket is worked out some thirty or fifty years hence, unless some unsuspected source of wealth is then discovered.

We all saw something of the mines: the offices managed by English and American engineers under the ownership of European capitalists; the surface works, with forges where whites and blacks are employed side by side in sharpening and tempering drills, and compressors where air is driven down to forced labor below ground under heavy pressure; the slanting underground works where the shallower part of the Banket is already exhausted, where the deeper parts are now honeycombed, and where the greatest "deeps" at which mining can be carried on profitably are prospected in advance by borings and shafts; the surface works, again, where the skips come rushing up from the shafts with their three-ton loads of Banket, the sorting-tables where men and boys pick out the barren rock, the crushers and the deafening stamp-mills where the paying rock is reduced to sand and slimes, the amalgamating tables and the cyanide tanks for the extraction of the gold, and the huge white heaps (the "Johannesburg Alps") where the waste is carried up on long endless rubber belts; and all this going on at high speed, to bring out the quickest possible return of invested capital, and thus to secure the greatest profit to European owners, whatever effect the exhaustion of the mines may have on the South African State.

The great question in Johannesburg today is the employment of Chinese labor. This question arose after the war, when the Kaffirs—the common name for all kinds of native laborers—elated with wartime wages, were slow to return to the lower terms that the mine owners thought enough: and when, moreover, the available natives did not seem numerous enough to supply the labor demanded in the mines as fast as work was resumed with the establishment of peace. In order promptly to secure sufficient cheaper labor, a bill was passed at the instance of the mine owners by the Legislative Council on February 10, 1904, signed by the King, and put into effect on May 19, allowing the importation of Chinese laborers for periods of three years to work in the mines alone. The bill contains numerous specifications and restrictions as to manner of recruiting in China, transportation to, reception in, and ultimate return from Durban, working days and holidays, wages, manner of payment, space in compounds, right of appeal to magistrates, permits for brief absence from the compounds, conditions under which families may be sent for, and under which any Chinaman may resign at any time and return home at his own expense, and particularly as to the kind of work he must *not* do in the Transvaal. If he so desires, reënlistment for a second three-year term is permitted, but this contingency has not yet been reached. A third enlistment is not allowed; the coolie must then be returned to China if he has not been taken back at the end of his first term. The mines and the miners are always open to governmental inspection. Nearly 50,000 Chinamen have been brought over under these conditions.

This is not slavery, as it is excitedly called in some of the English papers, nor anything like it. It is not so bad as signing on many a sailing vessel, where there is no inspection possible and where the rough tyranny of captain and mates cannot be escaped till the end of the voyage. It is not out of comparison with enlistment as a private soldier, except that there is no bright uniform. It is vastly better than the condition of many Italian laborers under railway contractors in the United States, where the work is hard, and where the manner of living is often dirty and wretched in the extreme. The compounds, in which the Kaffirs as well as the Chinese are kept, were regarded by all who saw them as large, well arranged and relatively clean. The Chinese compound that I visited had a large washroom, where the men could have a tub on coming up from work; a good kitchen where Chinese food was prepared by Chinese cooks; a smaller kitchen where the men could prepare their own food in their own way if they chose; plenty of hot water to be drawn, steaming, from a tap into individual teapots whenever wanted; abundant clear space among the buildings; and barracks clean to the eye and without offensive odor. We saw hundreds of the men coming up from the mine and wandering about the compound; good humor was their prevalent expression, and only a few looked sulky. There was abundant chance of escape for those so inclined, but there was much probability of arrest of any stray Chinaman without a permit; nevertheless, a number of them have run away from work, and of these the few who have become marauders, stealing and murdering among Kaffirs and Indians, have caused, naturally enough, a great commotion. They are the black sheep of an industrious flock.

This is not slavery; but whether the importation of thousands of Chinamen on contract labor will prove to be a wise economic act is a very different and very difficult question. It is a not unnatural result of the high-pressure methods prevalent on the Rand, where the Kaffir, unaccustomed to continuous labor, has not always been easily held to his task. It seems to me to serve and to be intended to serve chiefly as a device to keep down the scale of native wages, for it must not be forgotten that there are still almost twice as many Kaffirs as Chinamen at work in the mines about Johannesburg; and a recent report of the Native Labor Association declares: "It would be a most unfortunate conclusion for any one to arrive at that, because the mines have been obliged at great expense to add a few thousand Chinese to the working force, we intend to or think we can afford to dispense with the labor of the South African natives." The device of importation appears, however, to be more expensive than was expected, and less satisfactory as a remedy for real or imaginary evils; and in this respect Chinese labor has some likeness to the present British régime, which has proved more costly to the mine owners, who were essentially responsible for the Boer war, than the less elaborate government that it replaced. There is already a strong feeling in favor of a change from a crown colony, administered from London, to a self-governing colony, and of a replacement of "younger sons," sent out from England, by resident Afrikanders or Colonials as officials. W. M. Davis.

CHATEAUBRIAND IN AMERICA.

Paris, October 28, 1905.

There are very few documents relating to the early years of Chateaubriand. The most precious of all is the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.' The famous pages on the castle of Combourg, where he spent so many melancholy days, will never be forgotten; but these 'Mémoires' are in many parts a work of the imagination—it might almost be said a poem. Chateaubriand has sometimes been called the father of the Romantic school; he attached more importance to fine writing, to splendid images, than to the cold reality. He was so often thrown out of the beaten path that he became almost naturally sensational. M. Joseph Bédier, in his 'Chateaubriand en Amérique' ('Études Critiques,' 1904), has recently proved that Chateaubriand's account of his journey to America was in some particulars pure fiction. It was written long after the journey was made. New documents have lately been found on this subject.

Chateaubriand started in the month of April, 1791, for America in the same boat with certain priests of the Saint Sulpice order, who were sent by M. Emery to Baltimore on a mission to found the first Catholic seminary in the United States. The idea of this foundation had been suggested in London to M. Nagot, Director of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice in Paris, by

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Mgr. Carroll, who was made Bishop in England on August 15, 1790. The idea had been approved in Rome, and, a few months after, M. Nagot left for America with three priests and five seminarists, two of whom were Americans, two English, and one French. The French seminarist's name was Édouard de Mondésir. He had already spent some years in Canada. He eventually returned to France, and in his old age wrote, at the request of a friend who was preparing a life of M. Emery, some recollections of his own life. His manuscript, which has never been printed, forms twelve volumes, and is now preserved in the Library of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice in Paris. Chateaubriand is often mentioned in these volumes, which form a valuable contribution to the religious history of the end of the eighteenth century and of the beginning of the nineteenth.

In the account given of the journey to America there is a list of the passengers, among them "the Viscount de Chateaubriand, who has made noise and a figure in the world and would like to make more, over and above what he will make even after his death."

"The young viscount, a knight of Malta, with a chivalrous head, having already read and observed much, did not know how to kill time on board. He assisted willingly, having nothing better to do, in our spiritual exercises, not in the *oraison* or in the *chapelet*, but generally in the pious reading which was done in common. We were reading then the 'Soul Rising to God' of the 'Christian Perfection' of Father Rodriguez. The ebullient Chateaubriand preferred reading aloud to listening in silence. It was often his turn. M. Nagot once observed to him that an ascetic book ought not to be read aloud in the tone of tragedy. He answered that he put his soul into everything."

"One day, Chateaubriand asked permission to address the sailors all good Bretons and good Catholics. The Superior allowed him. Then our new missionary, taking in his hand a great crucifix, made a speech to the crew, using such strong and burning phrases that, if there had been a Jew aboard, I doubt not that the sailors would have thrown him into the sea."

During a great tempest, Chateaubriand, saturated with the Greek authors, would have himself bound to the mast, like Ulysses in the Odyssey.

It is clear, from many passages of M. de Mondésir's Memoirs, that he did not take a very favorable view of Chateaubriand. He says openly: "In him, in his writings, and in his conduct, *sunt bona mixta malis.*" This was written long after the journey to America, long, even, after Chateaubriand had written his 'Genius of Christianity,' which was a great event as following the period of official atheism and of the Goddess of Reason. M. de Mondésir looked at this work too much with the eyes of the theologian. He says:

"The 'Genius of Christianity' was a good fortune at the time it appeared; it is nevertheless true that the champion of the good cause, while thinking he was doing well and daring to speak for the divinity of Jesus Christ, more than bordered on Socinianism. He will never be my doctor in theology, and I am, besides, determined not to take him for my master in philosophy, in morals, or in Christian policy."

It has always been the misfortune of Chateaubriand to find detractors among those who were his natural friends—among the Royalists and the Catholics, such, at least, as held strict Legitimist or Ultramontane views. His mind was too independent, and would not long accept regulation. It must be said, also, that his pride was extreme, and that he could not bear mediocrity.

All that is worth noting in M. de Mondésir's Memoirs pertaining to Chateaubriand relates to the journey to America. His judgment of the author of the 'Genius of Christianity' was inspired by passion and savors of injustice. The Abbé de Mondésir has no sympathy for Chateaubriand, who is too much imbued with liberalism. In a part of his Memoirs, speaking of a visit made by Chateaubriand to Lamennais, he says: "I blush and my heart sinks within me when I read in my paper that the author of the 'Genius of Christianity' pays a visit to this satanic writer. I am tempted to say: 'Vir duplex animo, inconstans est in omnibus viis suis.'"

Among young Chateaubriand's fellow-passengers to America, in company with the Sulpician priests, was a young Englishman named Tullow, newly converted. Chateaubriand found him again in London, in 1822. Tullow had not meanwhile become a priest; he remained in the world, and was married. Can we believe the Abbé de Mondésir when he says that Chateaubriand counted for something in Tullow's change of mind? It is quite true that, at the time of the journey, Chateaubriand was not much of a believer. He himself writes in his 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe': "From the zealous Christian I had been, I became an *esprit fort*—that is to say, an *esprit faible*. This change in my religious opinions was produced by the reading of philosophical works. I believed, in good faith, that a religious mind was paralyzed on one side, that there were some truths which could not penetrate it, superior as it might be." The germs of piety, however, remained in him; he tells us how, when the evening prayer-bell rang, he joined his prayers with those of his companions. On the return journey, in a storm: "One of the French sailors began the hymn to Notre Dame de Bon-Secours, which I learned in my infancy. I repeated it in sight of the coast of Brittany."

Chateaubriand was essentially a poet; though he wrote very few verses, his imagination was always at work. His infancy was spent in poetical places; the commotion of the Revolution put his mind in a state of perpetual agitation. We see him, in these years of the emigration and of the journey to America, like a star which by some accident has lost its way. When he started for America, he entertained plans for discovering the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He wrote to his friend, the Chevalier de Panat: "I am looking for something new; there is nothing to do here. What is the good of emigrating from France only? I emigrate from the world. I will die on the way or come back something more than when I started." Such a state of imagination could hardly be understood by the pious Sulpicians and by the Abbé de Mondésir. Chateaubriand's sensations and emotions in the United States found expression in 'Atala,' the first draught of which was brought back from America. We may laugh at some episodes of this novel, which made so much noise in its time; at the conception formed by Chateaubriand of the savages and of savage life. We must not forget that it was a sort of protest against the horrors which the Revolution had committed in the most civilized part of Europe; and we see in it the germ of the 'Genius of Christianity,' which was also a protest against the excesses of the Revolution, and was well understood as such by Napoleon, the signatory of the Concordat which reconciled the State to the Church.

I have before me interesting documents on another part of Chateaubriand's life. They relate to the years 1814-1816. The periods of the journey to America and of the first years of the Restoration are quite unconnected, but the inner man remains the same through life, and in many respects Chateaubriand appears the same when he was an exile, an *émigré*, and when the Restoration opened to him a splendid field for his political ambition.

In 1861 and 1862, M. Louis de Loménie published articles in which he answered many criticisms directed against the work and the character of Chateaubriand. His son Charles has just now published a letter, written by Montalembert to his father on the 20th of October, 1861:

"Do insist, I beg you, on all you have said already, but perhaps not enough, regarding M. de Chateaubriand's liberal view of Catholicism. He never invented the theory of the alliance of religion and liberty in our modern society. He did better: he gave us his example. The greatest genius of the nineteenth century was a Catholic and a liberal, and he was so with a will. He wrote: 'We will try to render liberty a Christian liberty, and we will succeed.' I am very impartial in what concerns him, for he never honored me with a word or a look; but I shall be eternally grateful to him, and, after a struggle of thirty years in order to do what he wished, I like to find in my memory the sovereign action on my young student's soul, not only of the 'Martyrs' and of the 'Itinerary,' but also and especially of his political writings and of his whole attitude."

M. Charles de Loménie has developed what is condensed in Montalembert's letter. His publication is, from an historical point of view, particularly interesting in what concerns the attitude of Chateaubriand during the first Restoration, the ministry of Fouché and Talleyrand, and the Hundred Days.

Correspondence.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your manly and courteous response to my criticism of your remarks concerning the Anglo-Japanese treaty is such as one learns to expect from the *Nation*. But, at the risk of being considered churlish and hypercritical, I am impelled to express the opinion that your later conclusions in that regard, like your first ones, are not warranted by the letter of the treaty.

You still profess the belief that, under the provisions of the treaty, Japan might be drawn into a war, as an ally of Great Britain, upon a question that does not concern Eastern Asia or India. This opinion you base upon a provision of the treaty which calls for joint action of the high contracting parties in case of an unprovoked attack upon either by any other Power, "wherever arising." Thus, you hold that "if Germany were to go to war with England over the Moroccan question," it is not

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certain that Japan "would not be drawn into a European war." But surely the clause referred to does not warrant this conclusion. The words are: "If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers, either contracting party should be involved in war *in defence of its territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the preamble*" (that is, in Eastern Asia or India), "the other contracting party will at once come to the assistance of its ally," etc.

Now, it seems to me to be of the clearest that, under this provision, neither one of the allies can call the other to its assistance except in defence of its rights or interests *in the territories named*, that is, Eastern Asia or India. It is true, the quarrel might "arise" elsewhere, in Morocco, for example; but the rights or interests of one of the contracting parties in those territories must be jeopardized before the other can be involved in the quarrel. I believe that it was to provide for such a contingency that the words "wherever arising" were inserted in the treaty. Certainly, they should not be read without the explanatory words which follow, and thus given a false interpretation.

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA, November 3, 1905.

BERI-BERI IN OYAMA'S ARMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My father, Prof. Simon Newcomb, has called my attention to an item in the *Nation* of October 26, in which a writer says my name was lately given by the *Nation* "as authority for the fact that from 70 to 84 per cent. of Oyama's army was affected by that most disabling disease, kakké, or beri-beri." I have not found the original statement, but, as quoted here, it is totally erroneous. I said in the *Century Magazine* for May last that, out of the men *sent back to Japan* from the Japanese army *on account of disease*, 70 to 84 per cent. had beriberi. The remaining 30 to 16 per cent. had other diseases. The difference between this and the impossible "fact" quoted above is too obvious for comment.—Yours truly,

ANITA NEWCOMB McGEE, M.D.,
lately Supervisor of Nurses of Japanese Red Cross, by appointment of Minister of War.

WASHINGTON, November 8, 1905.

OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This morning I bought a copy of *La Vera Roma*, a daily paper devoted to the Roman Catholic interest, in order to read the list of the religious functions performed in Rome on All Saints' Day. But therein I found matter much more interesting than that relating to the exposition of relics and the singing of masses—I mean an editorial article entitled "School and Religion in America." The writer, after laying down the broad principle that the Church is so constituted by God's grace that she always acquires new strength in the face of indifference, persecution, and apostasy, continues as follows:

"Thus it has happened in North America, where the public schools, both primary and intermediate, as well as those of university standing, are almost entirely in the hands of Catholics, to the great profit of those peoples, but to the bitter grief of Protestants, Jews, and materialists, who are in favor of secular instruction. The gentlemen thus hostile to Catholicism have begun in their hireling newspapers (*giornali bottegai*) a fierce campaign against Catholic education, accusing it of being a permanent danger to America's free and republican political institutions."

The article closes with a summary of a triumphant refutation of such accusations, written by the Rev. Don Johon (John?) Mullany, and recently published in the *North American Review*.

We read much in the newspapers nowadays about "inspired articles." In this connection it would be interesting to inquire, first, whether this be an inspired article; and, secondly, if it is, whether this be a form of inspiration recognized by the Church. X.

ROME, November 1, 1905.

MONTAIGNE BETRAYED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two pieces of writing about Montaigne have recently appeared; one, a volume by Professor Dowden; the other, a paper by the less well-known Mr. Charles Whibley. Professor Dowden's volume is the first of a series [illegible]nies of French men of letters, and by [illegible]nditions of its existence he has been obliged to make it a copy rather than an original work. He follows easily in the steps of his predecessors, especially, with due acknowledgment, in those of M. Bonnefon (whose own work is a mere compilation). The volume, therefore, goes over ground rather wearily familiar to the student of Montaigne literature.

Mr. Whibley's essay is of a different character. It is one among several 'Literary Portraits,' and does not concern itself with the events of Montaigne's life, but with the quality of his thought. It is in part a skilfully arranged *cento* of Montaigne's expressions regarding many subjects, but the selection and the arrangement are more in proportion to Mr. Whibley's interest in these subjects than to the rank they held in Montaigne's own mind; and the same personal quality is observable in the rest of the pages. But this very fact gives some originality to this study; it has the merit of an individual point of view, and the point of view is a fairly just one, as is also that of Professor Dowden. Professor Dowden's tone is perhaps a little over-cool, Mr. Whibley's a little over-warm; but of that each reader must judge for himself.

A point about which each reader cannot judge for himself, and about which there can be no difference of judgment among those able to judge, is the surprising incompetence of both authors in the matter of translation. Surprising in every respect, not only as showing a lack of familiarity with the French language, but a lack of familiarity with the features of the mind they are portraying; which leads their ignorance to put into Montaigne's mouth expressions sometimes absolutely at variance with his thought, sometimes simply devoid of any meaning. In either case the disloyalty is so great that their readers should be informed of it. I have therefore drawn up and subjoin a list of some of their mistakes. I hardly think I have observed or noted all of them. I do not note unimportant or questionable errors, of which there are many, nor the frequent unconscious misrepresentations.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

P. 19. "[My father] forgetting the *gentle aspect* of his own house"—*le doux air*; *i. e.*, the pleasant atmosphere, the easy conditions.

P. 21. [Speaking of wearing an old cloak of his father's] "'I seem,' he says, with an outbreak of manly tenderness, 'to wrap myself up in my father.'" This would appear to be taken, without acknowledgment, from Pater's 'Gaston de Latour.' Pater, also, strangely treats the passage as a quotation. There is no such expression—nothing at all like it—in the Essays.

P. 34. "Turnebus, true scholar and no pedant, did not dress simply, as a gentleman should"—"il n'avoit rien de pedantesque que le port de sa robe, et quelque façon externe qui pouvoit n'estre pas civilisée à la courtisane."

P. 41. [Describing the fate of Moneins] "Alarmed . . . by the accident of an ill omen—for his nose happened to bleed"—"il luy advint . . . de saigner du nez." "Saigner du nez" is, in a figurative sense, an idiomatic locution meaning "manquer de résolution," to have an attack of cowardice.

P. 61. "In the essay 'That we are not to judge of our *hour* till after Death'"—"de nostre *heur*"; *i. e.*, fortune.

P. 146. [Latin inscription] "long weary of the service of the Court and of public employments"—"of law courts" (*aulici*).

P. 150. [Speaking of his Library] "I enter it . . ."—"Je suis sur l'entrée"; *i. e.*, his tower was at the entrance of his courtyard.

P. 170. "'Let people tell me what they will,' writes Montaigne, depreciating his own attainments in a way which commended them, 'I understand nothing of Greek.'"—"On m'en dira ce qu'on voudra" refers to Amyot's translation of Plutarch, not to Montaigne himself; "I *who* understand nothing of Greek" see (in the translation) this and that.

P. 306. In the part of the 'Voyages' written by Montaigne in Italian he says, Professor Dowden thinks, that "the peasants with lutes in their hands sang the pastoral songs of Ariosto." What he does say is that he was struck by seeing "quest contadini il liuto in mano e fin alle pastorelle [the shepherdesses] l'Ariosto in bocca." The above mistranslation is Waters's recent rendering, and it has already been accepted by another student of European literature. It is high time its circulation should be stopped; and that it should be recognized that Ariosto wrote no pastoral songs, and that Montaigne did not think he did.

MR. WHIBLEY.

P. 192. "'I have no more made my book,' said he, 'than my book has made me; a book consubstantial to its author, of a fit occupation, a member of my life, not of an occupation and end, strange and foreign, as all other books.'" This is Florio's translation, and characteristically unintelligible. The original is difficult of translation, but not obscure. The difficulty lies in the French word "occupation," which is not in the least represented by the corresponding

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English word. It is used by Montaigne here and elsewhere in somewhat the sense of our "business," or of the French "emploi," "exercice," travail;" as may be seen by observing that it was frequently changed in the posthumous edition of the Essays to these words or others of similar meaning: "D'une occupation propre" may therefore be rendered, "of a special kind of business," or, more loosely, "of a peculiar tenor" (Cotton has it, "of a peculiar design"), or, even, "of a peculiar nature," and the whole sentence may be read: "a book of the same substance as its author, of a peculiar nature, a part of my very life, not with a nature and a purpose unlike, as [is the case with] all other books."

On the next page Mr. Whibley uses Florio again. "I control and taste myself."—"Contreroller" means here "to examine"; "gouster," "to taste in order *to pass judgment*."

P. 197. "Guevara's 'Mirror of Princes'"—"L'Horloge des Princes."

P. 201. "He always drank five glasses of wine, no more and no less."—"En esté et en un repas appetissant [je ne bois] que trois fois precisement; mais . . . je coule, à un besoing, jusques à cinq."

P. 201. "It was a matter of conscience with him to eat flesh on fish days."—"Je fais conscience de manger de la viande le jour du poisson"; *i. e.*, it is *against* my conscience. Perhaps Mr. Whibley thought his phrase meant that, but hardly would to most ears.

The same remark may apply to a sentence on page 199: "He was of a mean stature."—"Je suis d'une taille un peu au dessoubs de la moyenne," of a little less than medium height.

P. 217. Here we have Florio again (revised) and always unintelligible. "I do more willingly wind up a notable sentence that I may sew it upon me than unwind my thread to go fetch it."—"Je tors bien plus volontiers une belle sentence pour la coudre [a word constantly used figuratively by Montaigne] sur moy que je ne destors mon fil pour l'aller querir." "I am much more ready to twist a fine sentence in order to connect it with what I am saying than I am to untwist [to loosen] my thread [of thought; "fil" is frequently used by Montaigne in this complete sense] to go in search of it"—that is, in search of an illustration. All the rest of the long quotation of which this is a part is very clumsy.

If the books about Montaigne induced their readers to read Montaigne himself, what a satisfaction that would be! But it is only rarely that they recommend this course, and I fear their influence is often quite unconsciously in the opposite direction. GRACE NORTON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., November 10, 1905.

Notes.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will soon have ready 'Irish History and the Irish Movement,' by Goldwin Smith.

Shortly to be published by Macmillan Co. is 'Japan and the Far East,' by B. L. Putnam Weale; and, in the spring, Winston Spencer Churchill's biography of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill.

Welsh people in all parts of the world will be interested in a book called 'Welsh Religious Leaders in the Victorian Era,' which will be put out very shortly by James Nisbet (London). These leaders, seventeen in number, are representative of the five great religious denominations to which the Welsh mainly belong. Their life and work are discussed in each case by a coreligionist selected from among the ablest theologians in Wales. The book owes its origin to the Rev. Vyrnwy Morgan, who is already well known to his countrymen in the United States. He is also its editor, and one of its main contributors.

Among the taking reprints of the present season is Messrs. Longman's four-volume edition of William Morris's 'Earthly Paradise,' tastefully bound and clear of print, with a portrait of Morris at the front. Tennyson's 'Maud,' in a holiday dress, also comes to us from Dodd, Mead & Co., with illustrations by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong. Those of the latter artist are full-page oval designs, with a little color wash, and are, if somewhat amateurish, pleasantly quaint; the others are black-and-white headpieces, and effectively ornamental. There is a not too obtrusive floreated green border to every page. There being no end to Shakspere, we greet without surprise a reissue of the Oxford Shakspere, edited, with a glossary, by W. J. Craig (H. Frowde). This handy single volume is one of the India paper series, and now a larger and more legible type has been employed, to the reader's great gain. It is simply marvellous that 1,350 fair pages can be so compressed. It is accompanied to our table by a plain, straightforward reissue of Lamb's 'Tales from Shakspere,' with sixteen illustrations, reduced from the Boydell plates if we do not mistake, and another of Grimm's Tales, with twenty-two illustrations by George Cruikshank—both popularizations of the Oxford Edition. The 767 pages of the Newnes-Scribner 'Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith,' in green and gold, make but a finger's breadth, and are light for the pocket, in the manner of its charming companions. Very composite are the illustrations of Messrs. Appleton's fresh presentation of Kipling's 'The Seven Seas.' Some might have been made for the occasion, but here a Turner and there another old print is intercalated, and again a real photograph of an ocean liner. Being full-page and widely separated, they are not incongruous, and do not mar the attempt to adorn in addition to print, paper, and the green page border.

It may be said to be the rule that a good book, expensively issued at first, will sooner or later be redressed for the modest bookbuyer; if losing something, also gaining something. Mr. A. F. Pollard's able work on 'Henry VIII.' is an example. Three years ago, we noticed it at length in the sumptuous Goupil-Scribner edition. Now it comes to us with Messrs. Longman's imprint, a modest duodecimo of 470 pages in clear type, shorn of all its external glory, deprived of all the splendid portraits, save Holbein's chalk drawing of Henry, but containing the original substance, or the real thing. Moreover, Mr. Pollard has added reference to the non-contemporaneous writers to whom he was, in a small degree, indebted, and to the original sources as well. Text and notes, too, have undergone some revision. In fine, the cheaper edition may challenge the costlier on the scholarly plane.

It is perhaps a unique thing for a book mainly of technical criticism of the text of a Latin author to be honored by reprinting almost a generation after its first issue, and a full twenty years after its author's death. Such has been, however, the happy fate of the 'Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus,' by the late Prof. H. A. J. Munro, of Cambridge University (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan). The new edition is substantially the same as the old. The only addition of note consists in the reprint of three brief articles contributed by Munro to the (English) *Journal of Philology* after the publication of his book. Even these the editor of the new edition (Mr. J. D. Duff) tries to keep concealed by distributing them in their proper local sequence through the pages of the book, and omitting specific reference to them in his preface. A comparison, page by page, of the two editions reveals them, however, on pages 143, 150, and 219. The first proposes to read *hilarate procitatis* in Catullus 63. 18; the second to substitute *uestis ubi* for *uestibuli*, in 64. 276; and the third, to read, in 107. 7f., *aut magis aeuum Optandum hac uita ducere quis poterit.*

The little book on 'Roman Education,' by Prof. A. S. Wilkins (Cambridge, Eng., University Press; New York: Macmillan), turned out to be his last, for all classical scholars will have marked with regret that he died recently. It contains in six chapters and a hundred pages all that is really known upon this subject, and it is the best compendium which we have seen. Without having the appearance of being too learned—for its style is pleasant and the method of treatment makes the book easy to read—yet chapter and verse are given for all the important statements, and a list of authorities is prefixed for the benefit of those who would go deeper into the subject. We are glad to observe that Professor Wilkins puts Roman familiarity with Greek earlier than is commonly recognized, and that he brings out the important fact that the Romans were the first nation to base their culture on the study of literature in a foreign language; thus marking out the lines on which the higher education of all civilized nations was thereafter to move.

Edith Harwood's 'Notable Pictures in Florence' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) aims to help the uninitiated in art matters, and she proposes to follow it up by similar treatises on Roman and Venetian art. She recognizes the inability of the ordinary sightseer to dwell long enough on the pictures of old Italian masters to enter into their train of thought, and to understand their meaning, fraught as it is with their serious interpretation of life and religion. In her introduction she tells briefly of the evolution, in the thirteenth century, of the revival of art in Italy, in both architecture and sculpture, from the inspiration of Greek ideals; the first work of supreme artistic merit being the pulpit in the Baptistery in Pisa by Niccolò Pisano, whose possession of a Greek sarcophagus had awakened his enthusiasm for classic art, and induced him to found a new style. The impulse to effect a change from the prevalent Byzantine school of painting was, from the art of Pisano and his son, transmitted to Giotto, the first of the Italian painters to begin that great period which produced Masaccio, Donatello, Michelangelo, Titian,

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and Leonardo. Miss Harwood arranges her artists alphabetically, giving us some account of their lives and their most important works, and telling where these are to be found, with small illustrations, good only for assistance in remembering the compositions. She includes the principal artists represented in the Belle Arti, the Uffizi, and the Pitti, along with the frescoes in the churches. The book is good to read, full of interesting historical detail, and ample in quotations from writers ancient and modern in prose and verse.

The 'Egypt, Burma, and British Malayasia' of W. E. Curtis (Fleming H. Revell Co.) follows so closely the lines of the same prolific writer's 'Modern India,' also published this year and reviewed in these columns two months ago, that any separate notice seems unnecessary. There is in the present book the same easy, confident, and confidential style of sketching and statisticizing (if the word may pass) that makes not unpleasant reading in Mr. Curtis's previous volume. One sees vividly everything he writes about. The few inaccuracies. the redundancy of superlatives, even the rather offensive tone of intimacy assumed with the reader, really do not matter. The subdued humor is thoroughly American: "Jiddah is of particular interest to us because it contains the tomb of our Mother Eve. I never heard before where she was buried, but it is a comfort to know." "There are forty-four species of snakes in Borneo, of which fourteen are venomous, and their bites are as conclusive as a projectile from a thirteen-inch gun." So the book goes on. To peruse it is like reading the inside sheets of a Sunday newspaper. It is all fit to print, and alternately didactic and amusing.

Messrs. Scribner have imported 'Golf Faults Illustrated,' by G. W. Beldam and J. H. Taylor. A careful inspection of the illustrations leads to the conclusion that golf instruction by means of photography has probably reached if not passed its limit of usefulness. There are two obvious objections to the present volume. First, that while Taylor's methods are altogether admirable for Taylor, they would not be likely to suit a man of entirely different build—different proportional length of arms, legs, etc.—and that accurate measurements on the stance mat are therefore valueless. Second, that the differences between the illustrations showing the right and wrong way of making strokes are in some cases so slight that the beginner is about as likely to remember the one as the other when the critical moment arrives. We would suggest as the next development a book of photographs of the different strokes, to be attached to the player's garments, and consulted before he addresses the ball—in other words, "Every man his own Taylor."

Dr. Arnim Graesel, author of the well-known 'Handbuch der Bibliothekslehre,' has prepared a popular 'Führer für Bibliotheksbenutzer,' containing various information as to the regulations in vogue in German libraries, the character of their catalogues, examples of classification schemes, etc. The comparative uniformity of administration in German libraries has made the preparation of such a guide an easier task than it would be in this country, where the diversity between the several types of libraries and between individual libraries, too, is much greater. The guide contains a list of common works of reference, which might have been more up to date.

The British Academy have just put out the first volume of their Proceedings. The first twenty pages are introductory, containing a "Brief Account of the Foundation of the Academy," the Charter of Incorporation, the lists of Fellows and Members of the Council, and the Addresses of the President, Lord Reay, at the "Annual General Meetings." The rest of the book is made up of the papers read before the society during the session of 1903-1904, and illustrating the various studies it is intended to promote. Under the head of philosophy come "Idealism and the Theory of Knowledge," by Dr. Edward Caird; "The Centenary of Kant's Death," by Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson; "John Locke as a Factor in Modern Thought," by Mr. A. Campbell Frazer, and, we presume, Prof. Percy Gardner's summary of "Psychological Elements in Greek Sculpture." Law and history are represented by "Locke's Theory of the State," by Sir Frederick Pollock; by Sir Courtenay Ilbert's "Centenary of the French Civil Code"; by Baron de Bildt's "Conclave of Clement X.," and by Professor Rhŷs's "Irish Studies." With these must also be ranked "The Ferment in Education on the Continent and in America," by Mr. Michael Ernest Sadler, and Prof. W. M. Ramsay's summary of the "Excavations in Asia Minor." On the philological side we have Mr. F. G. Kenyon's paper on Greek Papyri, Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids's "Oriental Studies in England and Abroad," and Sir Richard Jebb's "Bacchylides," not to mention Mr. Arthur J. Evans's "Summary of the Pictographic and Linear Scripts of Minoan Crete and their Relations," and Mr. Israel Gollancz's Shakespeariana. We read on the back of the title-page that the single papers contained in the volume are issued in separate form, and can be had from the publisher (H. Frowde).

The centenary of Trafalgar has left its mark on the literature of 1905. Many books have been published about Nelson, mostly of a popular character, among which that of Mr. Newbolt deserves conspicuous mention. The Navy Records Society have also, in the 'Fighting Instructions from 1530 to 1816,' added to our store some valuable material on the tactical side of Trafalgar. Among the numerous articles appearing in the English press may be noted, as of special importance or readability, a series in the *London Times* on Trafalgar, an article in the *Athenæum* by Professor Laughton, and one in the *Publishers' Circular*, by its editor, Mr. Marston, who makes, and seemingly proves, the interesting point that Nelson was a faithful reader of at least one of Shakspere's plays. In it he found the perfect expression of his own character; his was the same heroic temper as that of Henry V. when he exclaimed:

> ". . . if it be a sin to covet honor,
> I am the most offending soul alive."

The parallel between Shakspere's hero and Nelson is certainly curious, and is on a line with the opinion expressed in our columns on the anniversary of Trafalgar, that "if Napoleon was modern, Nelson was Elizabethan."

Systematic efforts are being made for the propaganda of Buddhism in Germany. A Buddhistischer Missionsverein für Deutschland has been founded with headquarters in Leipzig, the object of which is to spread the Buddhistic philosophy of religion not only in the Fatherland, but also on the Continent in general. A monthly review is being published in the interest of this propaganda.

In former times the rectors of the universities of Russia were appointed by the Ministers of Education. Now the Government has given the faculties the right to make their own selection, and this has recently been done by all the universities without creating any disturbance. A prominent Leipzig journal, in this connection, expresses the hope that a change in the statutes of the Russian institutions may soon be effected, so that they will cease to be mere higher gymnasia, and become in reality schools of the grade they profess to be. In its Russian transformations even the old German University of Dorpat, now called "Yuryeff," is by the *Vedemosti* of St. Petersburg declared to be "a parody of a university."

"An absolute mental famine" is the strong phrase with which a Japanese describes the lack of good reading in his country. The library of Prof. Max Müller has been bought by Baron Iwasaki for the Tokio University, and it is now proposed to establish a great popular circulating and lending library there. An appeal to aid in this work has been made to the English people, signed, among others, by Mrs. Max Müller, the Master of the Temple, and the editor of the *Contemporary Review*. It truthfully states that never before was such an opportunity offered for influencing the thought of another nation, for, besides the 4,000 Japanese students at the University and the 400 students in the College for Foreign Languages, there are already more than 2,600 Chinese students in Japan, whilst large numbers of Japanese are continuing their studies to qualify themselves as instructors in China.

The industrial development of the natives of parts of West Africa is going on apace. The exports of cocoa from the Gold Coast have grown in ten years from less than 30,000 pounds in 1894 to 11,500,000 pounds last year, having a value of $1,000,000. A most interesting feature of the industry is that it is all the work of the natives themselves. For its still further development the Government proposes to build a railway from the coast to the cocoa district, and an engineer has been sent out to survey the route. Harbor works are also to be constructed at Accra, the terminus of the railway, consisting of a breakwater and jetty to enable lighters and steam launches to take the place of the dangerous surf boats now in use.

—It speaks well for the industry and enthusiasm of American scholarship that, in spite of the rare and inconsiderable opportunities enjoyed by workers on this side of the ocean for research among the great collections of public documents in Europe—collections to which scholars on the ground have daily access—there should nevertheless be recorded to our credit from time to time finds relating to figures of the first importance in the history of literature. Students of English literature, especially, will recall in this connection Dr. F. J. Mather's discovery some years ago (which was first announced in the columns of this journal) of the document in the Public Rec-

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ord Office in London which fixed exactly the limits of Chaucer's first Italian journey. We take pleasure now in calling attention to another discovery of documents in the same great repository, which Mr. Charles William Wallace of the University of Nebraska has recently announced in the London *Standard* for October 18. This, though of less importance than Dr. Mather's in its bearing on the life and work of the particular writer, is in a sense even more startling, inasmuch as it offers something new concerning an author about whom the industry of research has long centred more perhaps than about any other in the literature of the world—namely, Shakspere. In the course of investigations with regard to the companies of boy-actors at Blackfriars and Whitefriars theatres from 1597 to the middle of the reign of James I., Mr. Wallace came upon three legal documents dated respectively April 26, May 5, and May 22, 1615, and relating to a suit in the Court of Chancery to which Shakspere was a party. The suit concerns certain properties within the precincts of Blackfriars, and Shakespere (or Shakespeare, for his name is spelt once each way in the text of these documents) figures as one of seven plaintiffs in the suit, among whom the person of highest rank is a Sir Thomas Bendish, baronet. The defendant is one Mathew Bacon, who, as sole executor of his mother Ann Bacon, deceased, is holding in his possession certain "deeds, charters, letters patent," etc., which were necessary to the titles of the various properties of the plaintiffs in Blackfriars. The plaintiffs assert, in their bill of complaint—which, by the way, surpasses in verbosity even the achievements of lawyers of more recent date—that the papers in question were left in trust with Ann Bacon "for and unto the use and behoofe of yor Oratores," and they accordingly petition that her executor be required to give them up. It does not appear how these papers came into Ann Bacon's hands in the first instance. Mr. Wallace has published *in extenso* in the above-mentioned number of the *Standard* the three documents he has discovered. They are respectively the Bill of Complaint, the defendant's Answer, and the decree of the Court, which last, it may be remarked, was in favor of Shakspere and his fellow-plaintiffs, so that it is to be supposed that the papers were duly turned over to them.

—Mr. Wallace's find thus puts us in possession of the records of a second suit in which Shakspere was engaged—the first, which has long been known, being that over the Stratford tithes in 1610. It is to be hoped that these interesting documents will be republished in the near future in some organ more generally accessible for reference than a London daily newspaper. One cannot but regret that the publication of Mr. Lambert's handy volume entitled 'Shakespeare Documents' could not by some accident have been delayed a year, so as to have included the new find, but we hope that another edition of that useful work may soon be called for. In conclusion, it will be of great interest to students of the Elizabethan drama to learn from Mr. Wallace's communication to the *Standard* that he has come upon a number of other documents, in the course of his researches, which "change the view of the early history of both Blackfriars and Whitefriars theatres, as also of the origin, career, and outcome of the children companies there, besides throwing light on certain authors and plays"; *Hamlet*, it seems, being included among the latter (that is, the famous passage in the Second Act concerning the boy-actors). These documents cannot fail to be of the very highest interest, and we trust that Mr. Wallace will not long defer increasing still further by their publication the obligations under which he has already laid all students of literature, through the addition of a new item to the biography of the world's greatest poet.

. —Half of volume vii. of the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde) is completed with the October issue (Pennage-Pfennig). The exotic initial P can here claim only one English word, Penny; but when the English occupied Britain they brought with them the word Pepper, already borrowed from the Latin. A later borrowing, through the French, of Peppered (for venereal infection) is now obsolete. Peppery is here first set down to Scott in 1826. Perfervid, after not ancient Latin, but Buchanan's, is quoted from Masson in 1856. The plural Peoples was avoided in sixteenth-century Bibles, and was looked at askance as late as 1830. Hence, perhaps, our own early writers on the Indian tribes spoke rather of "nations." But, across the Channel, "Peuples, voilà votre sainte alliance!" sang Béranger at the time of the Crimean War. Pert had from the fifteenth century the long vowel, and this has been retained dialectically and in the United States ("peart") along with the special sense of 'sharp,' 'adroit,' 'clever,' obsolete in England after the seventeenth century. Pesky, which may derive somehow from Pest as meaning 'plaguy,' began its literary course on this side the water, with Major Jack Downing in 1848. In the same year Thackeray brought out Penwiper. The Period, in punctuation, dates back to 1609; Pessimism (habit of mind or point of view) to 1815. That English verbal prodigality we so much prize was docked when Percase dropped out of the series Peradventure, Perchance, Perhaps (the latest of all). Etymological relationship is not as obvious as it is real between Penthouse and (say) Appendicitis. Attention should be called to Dr. Murray's historical exposition under Petition.

—The *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for November opens with a timely article by Prof. S. J. McLean of Stanford University on the English Railway Commission of 1888. That body differs from our Interstate Commerce Commission, but resembles it also. The organization in England is more strictly that of a court. Of the three members, one is a Superior Court judge, deputed to act as member of the commission for the time being. The decisions are final on questions of fact; and appeals, allowable on questions of law, are more in the nature of appeals in the regular course of adjudication. On the other hand, the activity of our Interstate Commerce Commission in conducting investigations and furthering publicity—probably the most useful part of its work—has no counterpart in England. Neither body has the rate-making power; each has to deal chiefly with the troublesome question of what constitutes "discrimination" and "relatively unreasonable rates." It is striking, however, that in England Professor McLean finds only one instance of a possible secret rebate or discrimination, and virtually no instances of the favors to individual shippers which are the worst of American railway evils. Noteworthy, also, is the immensely greater number of complaints brought before the English Board of Trade, whose jurisdiction is for conciliation only, but whose usefulness is none the less great. In England, as in this country, the expense of proceedings before the commission is heavy, and makes the remedy virtually unavailable for the ordinary shipper, unless some commercial organization acts for him. On these various matters Professor McLean's exhaustive account gives all needed information for those who have occasion to follow into its intricacies this phase of the railway problem.

—The October number of the *Library Journal* contains several papers on library conditions in the various Pacific States, discussed by Mr. W. L. Brewster of Portland, Mr. C. W. Smith of Seattle, and Mr. L. W. Ripley of Sacramento. Previous to the passing of the State Library law in 1901 there was no free public library in Oregon. There were school and college libraries, of course, and some subscription libraries; the most important of the latter being the Portland Library, with 35,000 volumes, which owned its own building and other property, valued at $267,000. Under the new law this was transformed into a free public library, while still retaining its character of a private corporation, and has been eminently successful. The history of public libraries in Washington is somewhat less meagre; the Public Library at Tacoma was established in 1890, that at Seattle in 1891, and that at Spokane in 1893. The Washington Library law was also passed in 1901, and under this act eleven public libraries have been organized. California, with its older culture, has naturally more and larger libraries than its two sister States. The oldest, the Sacramento Mercantile Library, was established in 1851, but it was not until 1878 that any general library law was passed; in 1901 this was "greatly amended and revised to bring it more in accordance with the results of experience in other States." The majority of California libraries are concentrated within a radius of fifty miles from San Francisco. "This propinquity has developed an atmosphere, a library spirit, perhaps even a generous rivalry, not only among library workers, but the communities themselves, with much resulting advantage to the libraries." The libraries within the charmed circle are described by Mr. M. G. Dodge of the Stanford University Library in a very interesting paper on "California as a Place of Residence for the Scholar." Besides the State Library at Sacramento, with its 125,000 volumes, the Library of the Mechanics' Institute in San Francisco, with 120,000, the Public Library in the same city with 150,000, the State University Library at Berkeley with 130,000, and that of the Leland Stanford Junior University, already approaching the 100,000 mark, are mentioned the unaccessible libraries of Mr. H. H. Bancroft, with 50,000 volumes relating to the history of the Northwest, and of the Sutro estate, with its 200,000 volumes, including "the best collection in America as to numbers and quality of books of the

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fifteenth century." A fifth paper, by Prof. J. Schafer of the University of Oregon treats of the "Sources of Northwestern History." It is interesting to learn that the History Department of the University of Oregon is planning a coöperative bibliography of the history of the Northwest.

—The recent celebration of the seventieth birthday of the Norwegian historian, Ernst Sars, by a torchlight procession and a public banquet, attended by the Prime Minister and other leading members of the Government, the president of the national Legislature, the most prominent men in science, literature, and art, as well as in other walks of life, is interesting when viewed in relation to the mixed feelings with which the initiative of the Storthing was received by the same circles of society when, about thirty years ago, it placed the amount of a professor's salary at the disposal of the King and his Cabinet, provided they would appoint Mr. Sars a professor of history in the University. Sars early proclaimed himself a disciple of Comte, and it was widely felt that this "free-thinker's" holding a chair in the University meant the complete destruction of religion, morals, and all other conservative forces of society. Sars, in his writings (chief among which is his 'Synopsis of Norwegian History,' in four volumes), first among Norwegian historians attempted to demonstrate a continuity of development. While his predecessors were at a loss how to explain the apparent antithesis between the marvellous popular energy displayed during the early centuries and Norway's complete inability to maintain itself beside Denmark and Sweden in the following centuries, Sars finds an explanation in the original constitution of Norwegian society, with, on one hand, a very strong royal power, and, on the other, an independent peasantry, between which the originally existing aristocracy was weakened to such an extent that it was unable to uphold the power of the kingdom in the union with Denmark and Sweden at a time when national consciousness was chiefly manifested by the feudal aristocracy, while democracy was still in a dormant condition. But this same independent peasantry became the bulwark of the country's freedom when, under the Constitution of 1814, the people were again called upon to assume the reins of government. Sars's views, perhaps more than any other single agency, have contributed to the shaping of political thought and events in Norway, and to that movement towards complete independence the consummation of which we are now witnessing.

ANOTHER WAR MEMOIR.

A Southern Girl in '61: The War-Time Memories of a Confederate Senator's Daughter. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright. Illustrated from contemporary portraits. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905.

In more than a score of volumes Southern women have described their experiences during the civil war. Many of these volumes have qualities of rare excellence, as all readers of the recently published recollections of Mrs. Clay and of Mrs. Pryor will readily believe. Two diaries—Mrs. McGuire's 'Diary of a Southern Refugee' (which appeared nearly forty years ago), and Mrs. Chestnut's 'Diary from Dixie'—are by far the best of the score. Mrs. McGuire came close to producing a work of genius; and the least valuable volumes are well worth reading. Therefore honors are not easily to be won in this field.

Mrs. Wright's book would take high rank if its substance fully corresponded with its title and such chapter-headings as 'Childhood in Texas," "From Village to City Life," "The Makers of History," "The Feminine Spirit of the Confederacy," "Southern Belles and Southern Soldiers," "War-Time Correspondence," "The Winter of '62-'63," "The Fortune of War," "Suffering in the South," etc., etc. The author was but eighteen years old when the war ended. Her earliest years, devoid of important incidents, were spent in a commonplace Texas village. Then she passed a year or so in Austin, where her father, Lewis T. Wigfall, was State Senator. When he became United States Senator, in 1860, she accompanied the family to Washington; but she and a younger sister were soon placed in school near Boston. There they were when the war began—children of fourteen and nine years. A Baltimore friend of the family obtained passes so that they easily crossed from the Federal to the Confederate side of the Potomac at Point of Rocks, and joined their parents in Richmond when it was still jubilant over the battle of Bull Run. After spending several months in a Virginia village on the Occoquan River, where Wigfall commanded a Texas brigade until he entered the Confederate Senate, the girls were placed in a Richmond boarding-school. They remained there most of the time until the summer of 1864, when their parents made a journey to Texas, and they were left in the care of Mrs. Joe Johnston, then at Atlanta. Anticipating the fall of that place, they sought safety at Macon, whence fear of Sherman's march, a few months later, drove them to Greenville, South Carolina. From there they were taken to Richmond, where they remained until about a week before its evacuation. Then, with many others, they went to North Carolina, and, later, to the Southwest, as we shall see.

Recollections of such experiences, if full and vivid, would make a thrilling narrative. A girl sees only the surface of things, and what she does not understand she is not likely to remember, nearly half a century later. So the recollections are about what one should expect. They are pleasing, although often thin and so disjointed, either in themselves or on account of the letters scattered among them, that one often sees hardly more relation between the subject of the chapter and much of its contents than between the name of any city and the names of any fifty of its inhabitants. The reminiscences were suitable for a magazine, where some of them have appeared. Nevertheless, the volume will be dear to the hearts of many Southerners, both of the new generation and of the old, for it gives true echoes of war-time sentiment and "chivalry." And here and there are bits of description characteristic of the time or of the Southerners.

During most of the war Charlottesville, Va., was a very attractive and comparatively safe retreat. The university students had gone into the army, and their vacated rooms and many others were crowded by numerous wounded officers and soldiers, wives and daughters of men in the army, and the better class of refugees from nearly all parts of the Confederacy. It was therefore a social centre of great importance to the young, whose natural sociability seemed intensified by the war. The belles and disabled officers dispelled all sorrows by dances and picnics, but these did not quite satisfy. There must be a tournament; and let that tournament be over at Monticello, made sacred by Jefferson. It was difficult to obtain conveyances of any sort to take them the few miles. Some went in an old coach, the only vehicle obtainable, while others were

"mounted on sorry-looking nags; and though the riding habits were the worse for wear, rather nondescript costumes the rule, and the attendant cavaliers in a more or less disabled condition, yet we enjoyed ourselves. That the gallant colonel had lost his eye in his country's service made the unsightly black patch a badge of honor—and the old, ragged, faded jacket with the hole in it, showing where the minié ball had just missed the brave heart beneath it, invested the boy captain with added charm. . . . Some of the Knights—with only one arm to use—held the reins in their teeth and dashed valiantly at the rings with wooden sticks, improvised as spears for the occasion."

The descriptions of the hospital train—"filled with wounded, sick, and dying soldiers, in all imaginable stages of disease and suffering"—in which Atlanta was left, and of that roundabout flight by rail from Macon to Greenville via Columbia, are good of their kind. So little attention has been paid to the experiences of refugees and to the picturesque phases of life to be seen in the cars and at the railroad stations, that all such accounts are welcome. And the picture of the Wigfalls returning homeward is still better. After Joe Johnston's surrender, Wigfall hoped to get from Georgia, where he then was, to join Kirby Smith's army beyond the Mississippi. He shaved off his bushy beard and put on the clothes of a common soldier, so as to pass as "the bearer, private J. A. White, of Company M, First Regiment of Texas Volunteers, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, [who] has permission to go to his home, and there to remain undisturbed. He obtained an ordinary emigrant wagon for his family, and with others he pretended to have fallen in with these "emigrants" going West.

"Of course we had no money; that is, what the outside world called by that name. We had thousands of dear old Confederate currency, in $100 and $500 bills (with Stonewall Jackson's head engraved in one corner, and the Confederate banner draped over Gen. Washington, on the Great Seal, with 'Deo Vindice' underneath it, on the other), but some kind friend had given us a large box of tobacco, which was as good as specie any time for *a trade*—so we went on our way . . . while my father tramped the weary miles on foot among the Texas boys."

The other class of material of which the book is composed is war-time letters—letters written by the author, her mother, father, and a brother in the army, and many letters to Senator Wigfall from prominent Confederates, such as Beauregard, Joe Johnston, Lee, Stephens, and Wade Hampton. The descriptions quoted above

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are surely intended to be precise, but recollections are not the most reliable of "human documents." Two sentences from a letter written by Mrs. Joe Johnston shortly after her flight from Columbia, will suffice to show a much more valuable and interesting kind of evidence:

"What a sight it was to see the poor people [of Columbia] flying almost [too] terror-stricken to know what they could do—many leaving with only little bundles of clothes—and many compelled to remain, for they had nothing but God to look to for shelter. . . . The sight of this town [Charlotte] to-day is lamentable: women hunting in every direction for shelter—and the people themselves beginning to move off for a safer place."

Unfortunately, none of the Wigfalls, except the son, near the end of the war, displayed special talent as letter-writers. He was on Hood's staff during most of 1864. This position and the intimacy between the Wigfalls and the Johnstons helped him to be very impartial when Hood succeeded Johnston. After going to say goodby to Johnston he wrote:

"No one could ever have told from his countenance or manner that anything unusual had occurred. . . . An universal gloom seemed cast over the army, for they were entirely devoted to him. Gen. Hood, however, has all the qualities to attach men to him, and it was not a comparison between the two, but love for, and confidence in, Gen. Johnston. . . . He [Hood] has applied himself, however, with heart and soul to the task, and I sincerely trust will bring us out of the campaign with benefit to the country and honor to himself."

Elsewhere in the volume we are told that Johnston's bearing remained quite perfect—perhaps even when, a few days later, the pretty Mrs. Clay met him at church and kissed him in the most public manner, just to let Mr. Davis know what she thought of the removal!

The most important letters from any one person are six or eight from Gen. Johnston to Senator Wigfall, explaining, from time to time, between December, 1862, and July, 1864, the tribulations of his service in the Southwest. It has not heretofore been generally known that Wigfall—the most blustering, ill-tempered, and intemperate of the school of "fire-eaters"—was Johnston's official spokesman at Richmond long after he (Wigfall) had quarrelled with Davis. It would be unfair to Johnston not to add that their intimacy was a not unnatural result of their being chance messmates in Richmond in the summer of 1862, after Johnston was wounded at Seven Pines. Gen. Grant and others of a later period have taught the world not to be greatly surprised if soldiers and sailors are lacking in worldly wisdom.

Much less than one would expect is said about Wigfall, who, in 1861, was described by a keen and impartial foreign visitor as "a good type of the men whom the institutions of the country produce or throw off." The daughter tells us that, in his early manhood, before he left South Carolina, he had a duel with Preston Brooks, whom he shot through the hip, and by whom he was shot through both thighs. Their seconds later became governors of South Carolina. He fought several other duels, and "when asked for his opinion, [he] would state with an earnestness of conviction . . . that he was a firm believer in the *code duello* as a factor in the improvement of both morals and the manners of a community!" What pictorial illustrations of morals and manners were Wigfall and Brooks! Yet Wigfall made at least one very wise observation in the course of his stormy and inglorious career, and this deserves to be pinned to the unraised curtain, with the notice, "Historians, please copy." At one time there were doubts as to whether Senator R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia would join the Confederates. Wigfall said: "I don't know what we Southern men would do without Hunter; he is the only one among us who knows anything about finance!" He might later have added, with equal force: "Having Hunter, alas! we never discovered what to do with him."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—I.

Mrs. Burnett's 'Little Princess' (Scribners) is a friend so prized by young and old that she needs no word of recommendation. In the preface, the author tells how, when she was putting the original story into a play, there started into life a whole new set of persons and things. These in their turn were so well beloved of the child-public that the publishers asked for another story with more revealings of invisible ink. This Mrs. Burnett has now written. Banyan-like, another book has taken root, and, for aught we know, the pleasing process may go on *ad infinitum*, book and play alternating. If there is room for suggestion in so well established a scheme, it would be that in her next incarnation the charming princess might not say, "I've thought perhaps I might do something wicked . . . but I *couldn't* be vulgar"; that she might repress her cry, "How beautiful! Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' I have so wanted to read that!" and that, along with this excess of inward light, the glare of her diamond mines might be abated, her fortunes restored, by all means, but not restored tenfold, her riches squared to our proportioned strength. The illustrations in color by Ethel Franklin Betts are pretty and in the main illustrative. The book is in beautiful holiday dress, and we advise the fortunate children who become owners of copies to hide them from inevitably covetous parents.

Two other old friends, revived and newly dressed, are Miss Alcott's 'Under the Lilacs' and 'Jack and Jill' (Little, Brown & Co.), both illustrated prettily in black and white, the former by Alice Barber Stephens, the latter by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. The renascence of former acquaintances like these gives something to think of in relation to the then and now of children's books. There have been critics who, while delighting in the generally bracing atmosphere of Miss Alcott's books, have found somewhat to object to in the slang, the untidy English, and even more strongly in the amateur lovemaking. Upon the charge of slang it must be owned that wonder-working Time has had an effect. Whether because the slang of yesterday is often the usage of to-day, or because every succeeding period has bettered the instruction of the original villany—who shall say? An enormous amount of cruelty to children has been perpetrated in this way. Certainly the Alcott books read less offendingly than they once did in this respect. As to the lovemaking in them, it remains a distinct blot on girl and boy literature. Not that it ever monopolizes the scene or takes any but a natural turn. The plea that "things are so" is irrelevant. This, the crux of so much of the whole dispute in art matters, may well be waived for our children. They will not be hurt by exaggeration in what a modern writer calls "the hoary bugbear of retributive justice"; but a good many "things" that are "so" should be postponed to a later day. It is fair to say that 'Under the Lilacs' is an exception in this matter so far as the boys and girls go. But why need the leading lady read letters with a far-away look?

Another Jack and Jill claim attention in an attractive volume beautifully printed by Dodd, Mead & Co., and illustrated by Anna M. Upjohn ('Some Adventures of Jack and Jill'). This is a story of family life in Santa Cruz, told by a little resident girl of British lineage with Danish playmates, and neighbors of sundry races, both black and white. She gives a charming picture of island life, with its natural beauties and its many-sided human interests, and she is a very engaging little girl. The atmosphere of her own home is distinctly English, even to the persistent "like we do" of English writers. There is a bewilderingly delightful out-of-door life, its interests ranging from boys' clubs and lonely sea-beaches to hurricanes, quicksands, and the rescue of a black fugitive found trembling on Jill's own premises. The censor, if a purist, will find that narrative in the first person pays for its pretty advantage by here and there constraining the little heroine to an egoism no more pleasing in child literature than in novels. And the same censor would draw a line through the miniature heart affair of Jill and Feddy, a blameless episode of looks and lockets, yet a flaw. And this is, in most ways, a particularly good story, which one would like to see perfect.

'Kristy's Surprise Party,' by Olive Thorne Miller, with colored illustrations by Ethel N. Farnsworth (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a collection of stories strung on a birthday. In one is a stirring picture of the adventure of a girl in the Chicago fire, another describes a Western blizzard and a young girl's rescue of a schoolmate. A good Indian story and sundry others of domestic adventure make a group well written, full of interest, and suited to middle youth.

In 'The Schoolhouse in the Woods,' by A. G. Plympton, illustrated from drawings by Clara E. Atwood (Little, Brown & Co.), there stands out strongly in evidence that odious person, the adult over the child's shoulder, with whom the author forever exchanges winks. As the narrative advances, however, the monster does not increase in size, and there is a respectable residuum of story concerning itself with a country school and with the friendship between a nice little Rosalie and a much persecuted colored child. The comic relief is mainly afforded by grown-ups and is oppressive; but there is a pleasant breath of wood-lore and of child nature, good and naughty, with, properly, at the last, a little popular triumph for black Sally. It is a book which would do best service in being read aloud by a judicious editor, who should cull the flowers and skip the thorns. If he be sufficiently adult, he may find amusement in hearing an old gentleman

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who was a schoolboy in '56 using as his favorite word of reproach, "Varlet!" quite like a character in Scott or Shakspere.

'The Widow O'Callahan's Boys' are not new, only newly edited and printed, their gay new colored clothes furnished with skill and taste by Florence Scovil Shinn. The stanch widow and her seven sons are an admirable object-lesson in faithfulness to the claims of small things. Quite inimitable is Mrs. O'Callahan's Irish way of putting things, which furnishes the salt to the solid nutriment of the story. For a boy to begin by doing housework in an apron and culminate in the lofty post of a drygoods clerk has not an heroic sound, to be sure, but it becomes a sort of chivalrous adventure when it is done for a mother who leads each son to victory with a discriminating hand. "There's books of all sorts," she says, "but it's the history book that cures the consate." Of her most obstreperous son she observes: "It's not so much that he's iver for doin' what he can't, but he's awful set against doin' what he can."

From Little, Brown & Co., too, comes 'Shipwrecked in Greenland,' by Arthur R. Thompson, with photographic illustrations of great interest. There is just enough story to hold together the very entertaining chapters of adventure—"based in part upon the experiences of that unfortunate expedition which, on board the steamer *Miranda*, came to grief off the coast of Greenland in the summer of 1894." Manners and customs, flora and fauna, Eskimos and cameras, icebergs and polar bears make this a capital book for boys and boys' sisters.

An ideal combination of poet and artist has been made in the case of Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Child's Garden of Verses,' illustrated in black and white and in color by Jessie Willcox Smith (Scribners). This edition must take the nurseries of the mother country as well as our own by storm. The print is bold and clear, and set in generous margins, and the entrance is through a real gateway on the cover and a charming title-page of child and garden. The text drawings are commendable, but Miss Smith's strength lies in her palette, and the round dozen full-page plates are a sheer delight. There is even here, of course, a choice, and we mark our own preference for "In winter I get up at night," "My Shadow," "The Hayloft," "Northwest Passage," "Picture-books in Winter" (perhaps best of all), and the remarkably well-grouped composition at the close, "To Auntie." Happy the child that receives this book for a gift, as a source of instruction in taste both for poetry and for art.

An excellent little book for young musicians, young folk generally, and all others, is the 'Johann Sebastian Bach' of Ziemssen, translated by George P. Upton, and issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, as one of the series called "Life Stories for Young People." Bach's was a career which, without forcing, lends itself to a pattern story, for it was a life made romantic by genius, and exemplary by the industry which never asked of genius a single concession. The story is well told, with commendable fidelity to fact, and the translation is exceedingly good.

'Stories from Wagner,' by J. Walker McSpadden (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), is another excellent little compilation for young students of music or myth. "Directed primarily to the needs of young people," it is worth the attention of older ones, as are all really good young books. The stories of all the Wagner operas are told without musical comment, but following fairly closely the acts and scenes in a connected whole. The language is straightforward, with frequent exact quotations to keep one in the current. Though abridged, naturally, each takes in all that is vital to the opera without getting into depths metaphysical or otherwise too exacting for the immature understanding. For the non-musical as legend and fairy-tale, for the young music lover who has still in anticipation the Wagner music drama, it is a capital little book. Kurwenal figures as "Kurneval," and Brangäne as "Brangeane" throughout the Tristan story; but these slips and a few intermeddling wills and shalls are the only discernible blemishes.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "new stories of the old plantation," 'Told by Uncle Remus' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), shows the familiar vein unexhausted. There are many new and strange vocables, new "creeturs"—Mr. Cricket and Old Craney-Crow—and, above all, a new auditor, the "little-boy's" little boy. In fact, a full generation has been delighted by these animal narratives, and now the second may properly appear upon the scene. Miss Sally's grandson is cleverly differentiated from his father, and becomes in Mr. Harris's hands almost a psychological study, delicately worked out. The consummate art of our folklorist is nowhere more manifest than in "Brother Fox follows the fashion." Three designers have been called in for the illustrations—which we opine is two too many.

Jungle Trails and Jungle People: Travel, Adventure and Observation in the Far East. By Caspar Whitney. Charles Scribner's Sons: 1905.

The jungle into which Mr. Whitney ventured is sufficiently unexplored to make valuable even the chance observations of a superficial investigator. India has been so "written up" from the venatic point of view that even statistics as to the Hindu death-rate due to snakes and panthers fail to charm; but the trials and disappointments of one who scours the trackless swamps of Sumatra, "Malay" (as our author calls it), and Siam are worth following when told in so sprightly a fashion as that of Mr. Whitney. If he had been less journalistic in style and the printer more careful, the reader's pleasure would have been increased. For the author, in his apparent effort to talk quickly and avoid tedium, gives the reader the tedium of unravelling many such a sentence as this, which even a journalist should hesitate to print: "[The awakening of beetle and general insect life] begins w : one particularly loose-jointed, crackling beetle, followed by the creaking tree and the squeaking bush and ground insects." Other monstrosities are: "Of birds there were many and strange . . . birds of beautiful plumage and no voice, like one little canary kind of creature"; "strangely there should be," "this double-thorned, unholy thought breeder." We give these extracts as they appear in the book, where hyphens and commas fall at random; "butt" appears as "but," "a tiger on a snake" is to be understood as "or a snake," and the Foreword of the volume is printed Foreward. The author and printer may settle between themselves the responsibility for these latter slips, but we decline to recommend without reserve any book so stupidly Englished. One would almost think that it was the work of a German translating Greek.

On page 64 Mr. Whitney describes an interview with "one of royal blood and his wife" in Bangkok, and reports that the woman frankly expressed her disgust at the white teeth of foreigners. "Dogs and other four-footed animals," she declared, "have white teeth." So says Mandelslo in 1638: "During my stay at *Amadabath* some of the women there told me, that it was an ugly thing to have white Teeth, as Dogs and Monkeys have; and thence it came that they called us *Bondra*, that is, Apes." Other Observations (to follow the title) are fresher. The Malay (Sakai) jungle-men are credited with a belief in a "bad ghost" of the wind, whose messengers are lightning, thunder, and rainbows. The women make sacrifices of their children's hair "on occasions of fright." Like many other un-Christianized and uncivilized people, these Sakais are "honest in word and deed." The author's study of the Sakais is of great interest. They are as wild and timid as deer, roaming the northern section of Perak, aboriginal tree-dwellers, whose houses are built in forked trees, eight to twelve feet from the ground. The blowpipe, their only weapon, is six and one-half feet in length, having a bore of a quarter of an inch. With this gun they discharge a dart nine inches long, and "hit with precision and repeated accuracy small targets full sixty feet distant." The body of a dead Sakai is lashed to a tree together with blowgun and fishing tackle, after a sort of funeral dance or perambulation of the corpse on the part of moaning and wailing friends.

A good description of the durian, its peculiar effect on animals and man, its smell, taste, and general utility, is woven into the account of the Jelebu district. But in general there is more adventure than observation in Mr. Whitney's book, and as adventure it is very good reading, though only a hunter born could see any amusement in tracking deer and rhinos for weeks, to an accompaniment of leeches and mosquitoes, without finding anything to pay for the toil and discomfort. While in Sumatra, the author kept his eye constantly open for the argus pheasant, but had to be contented with finding one small feather. On another occasion he hunted *seladang* for weeks with only tracks to reward his energy. But he never loses his good temper, and perhaps describes the jungle better for his disappointment. At any rate, Mr. Whitney has given us a pleasing account of a region little known to the white man, and has added to his text photographic illustrations which are much clearer than some of the unfortunate English sentences that go with them.

Highways and Byways in Derbyshire. By J. B. Firth. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Derbyshire lies out of the main route of the American tourist, who, if he goes there

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at all, is usually content with a visit to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth; but few English counties contain so much wild and romantic scenery. For a county that lies within easy reach of Manchester and Sheffield, this is not an unmixed blessing, and Derbyshire has become the playground of the provincial tripper, whose cheap brakes and char-à-bancs are the curse of English country life. This is especially true of the Peak district. Before it became so terribly accessible, Ruskin wrote that

"it is the most educational of all the districts of beautiful landscape known to me. . . . Derbyshire is a lovely child's alphabet. . . . On its miniature cliffs a dark ivy leaf detaches itself as an object of importance; you distinguish with interest the species of mosses on the top; you count, like many falling diamonds, the magical drops of its petrifying wells; the cluster of violets in the shade is an Armida's garden to you—and the grace of it all!—and the suddenness of its enchanted changes, the terrorless grotesque! . . . It was a meadow a minute ago, now it is a cliff, and in an instant a cave—and here was a brooklet, and now it is a whisper underground.

Ruskin little thought that his words would one day be used as an advertisement by the railway companies who have turned the lovely Matlock Valley, the chief beauty of Derbyshire, into a tripper's paradise. The beautiful reach of the River Derwent has been lined with shops and cheap eating houses, and is continually noisy with the cries of the drivers of brakes and wagonettes. "At every step you are adjured to go and see some miraculous cavern, or dropping well, or giant stalactite, each the greatest marvel and wonder of the Peak, and the catchpenny touting boards at last get upon the nerves." For the tripper's amusement a huge switchback railway has been erected on the river bank. One sees that the temptations to visit the wonders of the Peak are no longer what Ruskin found them.

Derbyshire, however, is happily a country which in certain districts has defied the enterprise of the railways, and is too remote for the cheap Saturday drives that nowadays consume the wages of the British artisan. It is a country practically inaccessible, or at least not to be thoroughly appreciated except by the pedestrian; and Mr. Firth, who walked through all its loveliest byways, convinces the reader that, though one must leave the highways to trippers and automobiles, a walking tour in Derbyshire will reveal quite as many undiscovered charms as the region whose now tarnished beauties inspired Ruskin's burst of eloquence. Not the least interesting route runs among the abandoned lead mines which were the county's chief source of wealth before it was found that Spanish lead could be imported at less cost. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the miner must have been a menace even more intolerable than the modern tripper. Every man had a right to search for lead where he chose, irrespective of the damage to crops or pasture, with the proviso that, unless he found sufficient ore to pay a dish of lead to the King, he was liable for damage. But if he did find it, he was awarded a measure of the ground, and the unlucky landlord or tenant must look on while the miner made a complete mess of his property. The dish in which the lead, the best in Europe, was measured, is still preserved; it is made of brass, and holds fourteen pints. Now, hardly so much as a single dish is taken from the lead mines in a whole year. The main industry of the country has been diverted to the limestone quarries.

Derbyshire has not played a leading part in English history, but it is full of associations with Mary Queen of Scots, who, after she had been placed in the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury, spent several years in one after another of his Derbyshire manors. She always complained that his castles were cold and draughty, and her sixty attendants found very poor quarters, and usually had to lodge in some neighboring town. First she was at Tutbury Castle, which she called a dungeon fit only for "base and abject criminals"; then at Wingfield Manor, now a beautiful ruin. It was there that Anthony Babington plotted for her rescue in 1586. Mary was often at Chatsworth, the older mansion, which in 1570 had just been completed, and there they now show Queen Mary's bower, a stone building below the house, close to the edge of the Derwent. Of the sixteenth-century Chatsworth built by Bess of Hardwick, Shrewsbury's ambitious countess, practically nothing remains. On the site of the old house where Hobbes the philosopher died, the fourth Earl of Devonshire began the present mansion in the seventeenth century, and it was not finished till the time of the sixth duke, who died in 1858. The most amusing object at Chatsworth is the bronze bust of this sixth duke perched on a Greek marble column which was brought from Athens. Round the base Lord Morpeth carved three stanzas in praise, first of Athens and then of the duke, whose stanch Whiggism was the admiration of his order. The incident reminds one of the degenerate Greeks under the Roman Empire, who used to knock off the heads of their ancient statues and replace them with the likeness of the Roman prætor who had been last appointed to govern them.

Near Castleton, the home of Peveril of the Peak, is a spot which in Italy or Greece would certainly have been described in an epic as the entrance to Hades:

"One begins by descending more than a hundred steps, and embarks on a boat to be ferried nearly half a mile along a subterranean stream into the heart of the mountain. This leads into an imposing cavern, where the stream plunges down with a roar into the 'Bottomless Pit,' and the roof is far out of sight. The pit is, as a matter of fact, about ninety feet deep, while the roof is estimated to be about four hundred feet high."

Not far off is another cavern, whose roof slopes to within two feet of the surface of the water, so that the visitor has to crouch in a boat which is pushed by a ferryman. Byron went through this gruesome experience in the company of Mary Chaworth, with whom he stayed at Matlock, a wretched spectator of the lovemaking of his favored rival, John Musters, whom Mary Chaworth married in defiance of her guardian, the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Firth has a talent for description, and has collected, with the usual industry of the writers in this charming series, innumerable anecdotes connected with the famous Derbyshire families, the Mannerses, the Vernons, the Cavendishes, and the literary men who from time to time have made the county their home, Tom Moore and Johnson among the rest. The illustrations are by Miss Nelly Erichsen, and are well up to the standard of the series.

Rome as an Art City. By Albert Zacher. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The author of this little book frankly declares in a brief prologue that, owing to the extremely limited space allotted to him, he must approach his subject "in the character of a free lance." To be entirely modern, he should have rather likened his rapid survey of the history of Rome to a motor drive through the ages; we are, in his hands, whirled through each succeeding phase of art in the Eternal City down to the immediate present. It is surprising to find the amount of information he has got into this narrow space. So much has been written of all the great periods that it is only the chapters on "Rome as a School of Art" and that on "Contemporary Art" which might have been made interesting and useful, had they been more thorough.

The penultimate period in the history of Roman art Zacher places from 1700 to 1870. During the Pontificate of Clement XIII. Winckelmann came to Rome and through his writings turned the attention of Europe to classic art. Raphael Mengs the German and J. L. David the French painter, with Canova the sculptor, were then working in Rome during Goethe's memorable sojourn, which attracted among others the German painter Carstens and the Dane Thorwaldsen. Later on, in the early part of the nineteenth century, there was a distinguished group of German artists in Rome—Overbeck, Veit, and Schadow, Cornelius, Führich, Koch, and Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who revived fresco painting and followed classic ideals, recognizing only Raphael and Michelangelo as masters to be followed, and establishing the principle that religion and morality were the leading-strings of art. Nothing could be more detrimental to art than the patronage of the recent Popes. They encouraged the very worst taste in the decoration of churches; the Church of San Gioacchino in honor of Leo XIII. being a salient example of all that is undesirable, while the oleographs of saints and cardinals, commemorative banners, paper flowers, and bad pictures distributed about in churches, give no hope for ecclesiastical decoration.

Zacher takes a very lenient view of modern sculpture and of the recent public monuments. He sums up by declaring that although Rome produced but little good art, she absorbed all, and, like the phœnix, rises with renewed life from her ashes, representing to this restless age an oasis of peace by the memories of former greatness and the marvellous beauty of her surrounding country and atmosphere. We deduce that Rome is not a favorable centre for artists in our day.

The Latin Poets: An Anthology. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Crowell & Co. 1905.

Mr. Haskell Dole here presents selected translations in verse from some of the best things written by Romans from Plautus to Lucan. As far as the originals are concerned, the selections are excellently made, but the versions are very uneven, and had to be. So many of the poets have not been translated for a century, and of so many others the stringencies of copyright law

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prevent the anthologist from culling the fairest where he will. What a pity it is that Plautus should have to be represented in a book like this by Thornton, and Terence by Colman! Both of these Englishmen, though they reproduced the Latin comedians fairly enough for the appreciation of the eighteenth century, are by the very nature of the style of that age wholly debarred from giving a reader of to-day any truthful idea of what these two writers were to their own generations. In fact, it is probable that a truthful version could not to-day be made except in prose, so greatly has taste altered and patience waned. Yet, as Mr. Dole remarks, some of the old translations of other authors are still effective, and we are glad to give a fresh welcome to Heywood's sixteenth-century Seneca's Tragedies and to the Ovid and Lucan of Ben Jonson and Marlowe. For Virgil Mr. Doyle gives by way of "deadly parallel" the ideas held by two moderns about hexameters in English: Lord Justice Bowen's version of the fifth Æneid in rhymed pairs of verses, and the sixth book in Mr. Hoge Bullard's more recent attempt without rhyme. Of course neither contains true dactylic hexameters in the Latin sense, and they illustrate once more the jerky three-eighths time which has always characterized extensive attempts to render Greek or Latin epics into the same metre in English. By far the best representation of the movement and the variety of Latin hexameters that appears in this volume is the selection from the opening of the second book of Lucretius, by Calverley.

On the whole, Horace and Catullus come off best in this Anthology, probably because Mr. Dole has wisely selected versions by so many different hands in the case of each poet. Enterprise is shown in obtaining the right to publish Mr. Ball's wretched verse and therefore faithful translation of Seneca's take-off on the laudatory poetry of his day. We wish that the same enterprise could have given us something from the recent version of Tibullus by Mr. Williams.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Æsop's Fables. With an introduction by Elizabeth L. Cary. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.
Bacon's Essays. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $1.
Carleton, William. Stories. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Danziger, Adolphe. Children of Fate. Brentano's.
Football Grandma. Edited by Carolyn S. C. Cabot. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Gardner, Alice. Theodore of Studium. Longmans. $3 net.
Harris, Joel Chandler. Told by Uncle Remus. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Jackson, Charles Tenney. Loser's Luck. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
King, Charles. A Soldier's Trial. The Hobart Co.
Levy, Hermann. Die Stahlindustrie der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Berlin: Julius Springer.
Masson, Tom. A Corner in Women. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.60 net.
Nordau, Max. The Dwarf's Spectacles. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Osborn, Max. Der Holzschnitt. Lemcke & Buechner.
Peabody, Francis Greenwood. Jesus Christ and the Christian Character. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Peters, Madison C. The Jews in America. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.
Reed, John C. The Brothers' War. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.
Roosevelt, Theodore. Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. Scribners. $3 net.
Saint Maur, Kate V. A Self-Supporting Home. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Steinhausen, Georg. Der Kaufmann in der deutschen Vergangenheit. Lemcke & Buechner.
Sterling, Sara Hawks. Shakespeare's Sweetheart. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.
Strong, Josiah. The Times and Young Men.—The Next Great Awakening. The Baker & Taylor Co. 35 cents each.
Titchener, Edward Bradford. Experimental Psychology. Vol. II. Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Value of Courage, The. Edited by Frederic L. Knowles. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Value of Simplicity, The. Edited by Mary M. Barrows. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Van Vorst, Marie. Miss Desmond. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Wilson, Bingham Thoburn. The Village of Hide and Seek. Consolidated Retail Booksellers. $1.25.

TWO NOTABLE BOOKS ON RUSSIA

The Critic says "Of all the works on Russia recently published none is so striking as **Alexander Ular's RUSSIA FROM WITHIN** ($1.75 net, by mail $1.87), . . . clearly and forcefully written . . . the author knows his Russia." No book could give a clearer idea of the causes of the present troubles in Russia.

The Nation says that **WALLACE'S RUSSIA, New Edition** ($5.00 retail), is "invaluable, nay indispensable," while the London Times declares it is ". . . in the same class as Mr. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' and in some respects a greater achievement."

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